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MARCH 28, 1969

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TIME

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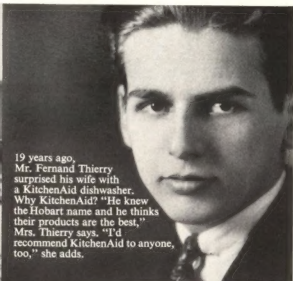
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19 years ago, Mr. Fernand Thierry surprised his wife with a KitchenAid dishwasher. Why KitchenAid? "He knew the Hobart name and he thinks their products are the best," Mrs. Thierry says. "I'd recommend KitchenAid to anyone, too," she adds.



"Before I bought a dishwasher, I asked the men that service dishwashers what they recommended," says Mrs. Harry Collyer. "They said KitchenAid so I bought one. Almost all my friends have them too," she adds. "We think it's the best."



"My 18-year old daughter, Nancy, and my old KitchenAid dishwasher have something in common," says Mrs. Joshua Drooker. "They're the same age. No other appliance I've ever owned required so little care. Upkeep was at a minimum."



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Mrs. Henry Caproni recently gave her sister a present. An 18-year old KitchenAid dishwasher. "It still works real good," Mrs. Caproni says, "and since I got a new KitchenAid I thought my sister would like the old one. She does."



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, March 26

ADVENTURES AT THE JADE SEA (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). William Holden narrates as an expedition of fellow conservationists and photographers visit the shores of Lake Rudolf in Kenya "to witness a way of life earmarked for extinction as the inevitable outcome of conflict between civilized and primitive man."

MARCUS WELBY, M.D. (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). A special preview of next season's series featuring Robert Young as a dedicated family physician. James Brolin plays the doctor's young assistant; Anne Baxter, Susan Strasberg and Lew Ayres are guests.

KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Joel Grey, Jerry Orbach and Jane Morgan are a few of the stars from hit shows on "Broadway's Best . . . 1969" with Host David Merrick.

YOUR DOLLAR'S WORTH (NET, 9-10 p.m.). Three tax experts explain "How To Save on Your Income Tax" legally, painlessly and by April 15.

Thursday, March 27

THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9:11-10 p.m.). A seedy ex-priest turned tourist guide (Richard Burton) serves Deborah Kerr, Ava Gardner and Sue Lyon in Tennessee Williams' *The Night of the Iguana* (1964).

Saturday, March 29

CBS GOLF CLASSIC (CBS, 4-5 p.m.). Al Geilberger and Dave Stockton v. Art Wall and Charles Coody in first-round match.

THE NATIONAL AIRLINES OPEN GOLF TOURNAMENT (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). Third round of a new \$200,000 contest from the Country Club of Miami; final round Sunday 4-5:30 p.m.

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Two events from Florida, the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park and the Sebring 12 Hours of Endurance for sports cars at Sebring, plus the N.C.A.A. Indoor Swimming and Diving Championships at the University of Indiana.

Sunday, March 30

DIRECTIONS (ABC, 1-2 p.m.). "The Final Ingredient," an opera by David Amram (libretto by Arnold Weinstein) celebrates a Passover Seder in a Nazi concentration camp. Repeat.

THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST HOUR (NBC, 2-2:30 p.m.). A look at religious themes in great art masterpieces on "Art and the Bible" with Aline Saarinen from Washington's National Gallery.

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS WITH LEONARD BERNSTEIN (CBS, 4-5 p.m.). "Bach Transmogrified" means Bach updated for orchestra, electronic synthesizer and the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble. Bernstein says the program has "switched on, turned on, rocked, rolled, shaken and baked" Bach.

SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9:11-10 p.m.). Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin and Jack Palance are gunfighters and homesteaders in the classic *Shane* (1953).

PRUDENTIAL'S ON STAGE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Problems of heart transplants are dramatized in "The Choice," an original

play with Melvyn Douglas, George Grizzard, Celia Johnson and Frank Langella.

Tuesday, April 1

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). André Watts prepares and performs Mozart's *Piano Concerto No. 24*, assisted by conductor Zubin Mehta and the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

THEATER

On Broadway

HAMLET. Everything about this production of the APA Repertory Company is peculiarly wrong. The costumes are a strange mixture of period and modern; the sense and tempo of the play have been mangled both by Director Ellis Rabb's cuts and his use of the corrupt First Quarto; and Hamlet, played by Mr. Rabb with monotony and weariness, seems in desperate need of geriatric drugs.

IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER. By Heinar Kipphardt, offers audiences the chance to weep over the renowned physicist who, in 1954, was deprived of his security clearance. Dissertation, however, is not drama; the play is as inert as a stone, and Joseph Wiseman as Oppenheimer is mannered and brittle.

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM. Woody Allen has written, and stars in this story of a neurotic young man whose wife has just left him. The play does not progress along with the evening, but it is amusement enough to have Allen's kooky angle of vision and nimble jokes.

Celebration features Potemkin, a master of ceremonies and revelers, presiding over a number peopled by an Orphan, an Angel and an evil Mr. Rich. Simplicity and clarity are the order of the evening, and that alone makes the show a treat by contrast to most other Broadway musicals.

HADRIAN VII. Playwright Peter Luke makes Frederick William Rolfé, one of the most freakishly talented eccentrics of English letters, the hero of Rolfé's own novel of wish-fulfillment, *Hadrian the Seventh*. Alec McCowen gives a polished performance as Rolfé, a rejected candidate for priesthood who is elected Pope.

FORTY CARATS is a frothy farce from Pierre Barillet and Jean-Pierre Gredy, the team that wrote *Cactus Flower*. With Julie Harris as a middle-aged divorcee wooed by a lad of 22, the play enters a plea for a single standard of judgment on age disparity in marriage.

Off Broadway

SPITTING IMAGE. Some plays sound distinctly unappealing in conception but prove surprisingly palatable in realization. For anyone who can abide the idea, this work about two homosexuals who have a baby provides a consistently amusing evening, nursing its basic joke with taste and felicity. Sam Waterston and Walter McEwen turn in accomplished performances as Daddy One and Daddy Two in what is probably the first homosexual play with a happy ending.

ADAPTATION—NEXT is an evening of two humorous one-acters directed by Satirist Elaine May with a crisp and zany comic flair. Miss May's own play, *Adaptation*, is the game of life staged like a TV contest. *Next*, by Terrence McNally, features an enormously resourceful performance by

James Coco as an overaged potential draftee called before a female sergeant for a humiliating physical and psychological examination.

LITTLE MURDERS. This revival of Cartoonist Jules Feiffer's play about a family living in a psychotic New York milieu of impending violence fares very well under the masterful hand of Director Alan Arkin.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK is a tribute to the late Lorraine Hansberry put together from her own writings. An able interracial cast presents sketches that thread an elegiac mood ranging through comedy, rage and introspection.

CINEMA

STOLEN KISSES. François Truffaut's new film is another chapter in his cinematic autobiography, a lovely souvenir of adolescence that focuses on the frantic romances and comic careers of an ebullient young man (Jean-Pierre L  aud).

THE NIGHT OF THE FOLLOWING DAY is one of the tensest, toughest thrillers anyone could ask for. But Director Hubert Cornfield is not content to stop there; he creates a surreal seminar in the poetics of violence. The small cast is uniformly good, and Marlon Brando is back in great form playing a hipster-hood.

SALESMAN. The Mayes Brothers spent six weeks filming a group of New England Bible salesmen at work to produce this arresting and occasionally appalling *cin  ma v  rit  * record of one desperate part of American society.

IN THE ATTIC is a kind of bastard offspring of *Alfie* and *The Graduate*, a comedy with a cheap sort of charm about a campus looky-loo (Chris Jones) who gets his comeuppance from his steady girl (Yvette Mimieux).

THE STALKING MOON. Gregory Peck dashes around the hills of New Mexico pursuing and being pursued by a vengeful and ingenious Indian. Everything is terribly low-key and occasionally mannered, but there are some superb chills all the same.

SWEET CHARITY. A lot of energy obviously went into this adaptation of the hit Broadway musical, but the result is sadly lacking in vitality. Shirley MacLaine is fun to watch though, and a couple of the tunes are catchy.

RED BEARD is a prime example of why Japanese Akira Kurosawa is counted as one of the world's greatest film makers. He transforms a rather ordinary story about the spiritual growth of a young doctor into a vast, epic canvas executed with thematic brilliance and stylistic perfection.

THE SHAME. Ingmar Bergman lingers once again on the problems of an artist's moral responsibilities. This is his 29th film and one of his best, with resonant performances by Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow and Gunnar Bj  rstrand.

THE FIXER. John Frankenheimer has directed this adaptation of Bernard Malamud's novel with care and dedication. Alan Bates (as the accidental hero), Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm all seem perfect in their difficult roles.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD, by Thomas Wiseman. In this skilled, unsettling novel, a European half-Jew, haunted by decidedly unorthodox memories of a youthful acquaintance who turned Nazi, probes the



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past to learn why, even in death, this adversary-friend still dominates his life.

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT, by Philip Roth, is a comic sex novel of the absurd, told in the form of a frenzied monologue by a 33-year-old Jewish bachelor on his psychiatrist's couch.

TORREGRECA, by Ann Cornelisen. A beautifully written documentary of human adversity in Southern Italy that deserves a place next to Oscar Lewis' *The Children of Sanchéz*.

THE GODFATHER, by Mario Puzo, is a robust, crisply narrated novel about the Mafia with a clear-cut moral: the family that preys together stays together.

GRANT TAKES COMMAND, by Bruce Catton. In the final volume of a trilogy begun by the late historian Lloyd Lewis, Catton carries Grant's career to his day of final victory at Appomattox. The author's quiet lucidity and laconic humor are well suited to a portrayal of the elusive, taciturn little general.

JBS: THE LIFE AND WORK OF J.B.S. HALDANE, by Ronald W. Clark. One of the last great Victorian eccentrics, Haldane sought to embrace the "two cultures"—science and the humanities. Author Clark demonstrates, however, that he was vastly more successful in his scientific ventures than in his often wild misadventures in social causes.

THE TRAGEDY OF LYNDON JOHNSON, by Eric F. Goldman. Instant history, like instant coffee, can sometimes be remarkably palatable. At least it is in this memoir by a former White House aide who sees L.B.J. as "an extraordinarily gifted President who was the wrong man from the wrong place at the wrong time under the wrong circumstances."

PUSHKIN, by David Magarshack. In a solid, if sometimes pedestrian biography, the poet who was a founding father of Russian literature often seems more like a rake-hell uncle.

AFTERWORDS: NOVELISTS ON THEIR NOVELS, edited by Thomas McCormack. The anxiety, excitement and loneliness of confronting blank sheets of paper, sharply recalled and brightly written by 14 novelists, including Norman Mailer, Truman Capote and Louis Auchincloss.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Solzburg Connection, MacInnes (2 last week)
2. Portnoy's Complaint, Roth (1)
3. Airport, Hailey (3)
4. A Small Town in Germany, le Carré (4)
5. Force 10 from Navarone, MacLean (5)
6. Preserve and Protect, Drury (7)
7. The First Circle, Solzhenitsyn (9)
8. A World of Profit, Auchincloss (8)
9. The Hurricane Years, Hawley
10. The Voyager, Sutton (6)

NONFICTION

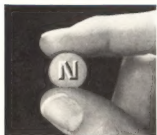
1. The 900 Days, Salisbury (1)
2. The Money Game, 'Adam Smith' (2)
3. The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson, Goldman (4)
4. Thirteen Days, Kennedy (9)
5. Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women, Craig (3)
6. The Arms of Krupp, Manchester (8)
7. Instant Replay, Kramer (5)
8. The Trouble with Lawyers, Bloom
9. The Day Kennedy Was Shot, Bishop (7)
10. The Intimate Enemy, Bach and Wyden

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LETTERS

Under the Umbrella

Sir: Re "The Great Missile Debate" [March 14]: A parched world groans with hunger, our cities broil in the hatreds of the dispossessed, and the Pentagon wants us all to sit under a multibillion-dollar ABM umbrella! And lo, the umbrella is full of holes! So is our national conscience and sense of stewardship. To paraphrase the late President Kennedy, "Ask not what your country can do for your security, but what you can do for your country's sanity." The former is no longer even theoretically attainable—and that ought to be a liberating realization. The latter, God help us, may yet be salvaged, and our children's ungauranteed future humanized.

DAVID S. WARREN

Madison, N.J.

Sir: Be he black, red, white or yellow, Democrat, Republican or Socialist, every man, woman and child in these United States owes a solemn duty to the freedom he or she enjoys in this country to unequivocally back the critical conclusions of our President, who is *ipso facto* commander in chief in military matters. Virulent dissent asserted by politically minded doves in the U.S. Congress will do irreparable harm to the international strength of America, as it struggles for even a morsel of indication from North Viet Nam that an honorable peace is possible. Half a million men on Asian soil are bleeding and dying for a united America. We owe them nothing less than a united America.

Let God give the members of Congress the strength to place patriotism above selfish interest. Let the voice of freedom ring in America, as well as in the paddyfields of Viet Nam.

FRANK B. ELLIS

Former Director of U.S. Office of Emergency Planning

Pasadena, Calif.

Sir: Does anyone really believe that if Russia wanted to attack us she would start shooting from far-off Europe, giving us ample time to detect the attack and return it, as well as giving us a good opportunity to knock down her missiles? Isn't it far more likely that she would sneak her missiles right up to our shores on her many hundreds of submarines, merchant ships, and fishing trawlers and knock us out before any \$400 billion ABM system could detect the attack, much less block it?

So where's the likelihood of the 40-min-

ute warning and the high missile trajectory that alone can give sense to the ABM expenditure?

ROBERT S. ALVAREZ

Pleasant Hill, Calif.

Lost Chapter

Sir: After reading your story on the fate of Poland's remaining Jews [March 14], I thank God for having successfully managed to get my parents and sister out of that country recently.

What is taking place in Poland today is the last tragic chapter in the noble history of Polish Jewry. From early in the 12th century, when German Jews sought new homes there because of persecution by the Crusaders, to the present day, Jews have contributed much to the economic development and culture of that country. Their only reward has been a life of suffering at the hands of Poland's infamously anti-Semitic population.

ALEX RADEN

Norwich, Conn.

Sir: William Mader's emotional conclusions regarding Poland's treatment of Jews demand contradiction. Let us retitle the article "Third Exodus," since the first, as a result of persecution in virtually all European countries (save Spain), was to Polish sanctuary. Beginning with the "Jewish Edict" of 1264 and its nationwide reaffirmation in 1334, the Jews in Poland enjoyed unparalleled freedom, to the extent of effectual self-rule.

If Poland, according to the author, is riding itself of Jews more effectively than the Germans did, then a consolation prize should be awarded to the loser, for heaven knows, they tried harder.

ALBERT M. MICHEIDA

Burnsville, Minn.

Motives and Methods

Sir: Your article on eccentrics [March 14] was desperately inaccurate and deficient in both its approach and conclusion. There is a great difference between the eccentric and the radical activist in both motive and methods, a point that you may have been attempting to make when you wrote "Genuine eccentricity generally stops far short of pathological conduct." Madalyn Murray O'Hair, Sirhan Sirhan, Thoreau, the current student radicals, Timothy Leary and Ralph Nader all are radical activists, not mere eccentrics as you have labeled them. Their motive is to change existing social mores or political trends by means of spectacular acts covered by

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Chrysler. In headroom, Volvo has more than an inch on the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

But, as everyone knows, quality matters more than quantity.

So we'll tell you about something Volvo has in common with the Rolls-Royce. Both have been voted among the seven best-made cars in the world by Road & Track Magazine.

Which means the Volvo you buy should definitely not have a bug in it.



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the news media, whether these acts be legal challenge or murder.

On the other hand, John Zink, Korczak Ziolkowski, Clint Wescott, and Jim West (to name a few) are truly eccentric. Surely none of these men are trying to convince anyone else of the advantages of their own particular ways of life. They are simply "people who consistently follow their own seemingly exotic standards" and are clearly not bidding for attention. Consideration must be given to the motives and methods of the individual in relation to existing social standards and how he wishes to affect them. If he wishes to affect them at all, he is not merely eccentric, but is in fact a radical activist.

R. FRANK WIEDEFELD

Tampa, Fla.

Sir: Edward FitzGerald, famous English translator of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, was one of a family of eccentrics, of which his eldest brother John was the most colorful. John was possessed of some kind of religious mania that caused him to wander around the countryside seeking an audience. His conduct in church was most amazing. Entering a pew, he would take off his shoes and stockings, then empty his pockets on the pew beside him and listen most attentively to the sermon. If anything the preacher said appealed to him, he would let out a shrill whistle that was heard all over the church. "England," writes Santayana "is still the paradise of eccentricity, heresy, anomalies and humours."

(THE REV.) HARRY TAYLOR

Portland, Ore.

Sir: Did you miss the point? Only the rich can afford to be eccentric. Everyone else is nuts.

W. A. FORESTER

Eugene, Ore.

On the Square

Sir: In regard to "hip Harvard" and student "refusal to learn what they don't want to learn" [March 14], perhaps as a Harvard product and sociology professor I may comment.

Any communal enterprise requires work, discipline and ideology. American students tend to refuse the first two (of course, the Protestant ethic is dead) and cannot understand the third. Rebellion becomes non-cerebral, sensate, lacking the ideal of the continental student. Everybody talks at once, tries to *épater la bourgeoisie* with obnoxious and refuses "work" courses, where reading replaces talk off the tops of many heads. McLuhan says we're post-literate anyway, so why read and write? Even hippedom is huckstered. In short, white liberals are too busy feeling and emoting to change much of anything. Even their rebellious life styles feed the affluent pop consumer culture. Perhaps the blacks, being hungrier, can discipline themselves a bit better and do us all some good.

ANDREW R. SISSON

Henniker, N.H.

Faith Restored

Sir: I read your article about Geel and its mental asylum [March 14] with great interest. I was in custody of the asylum at the age of two in 1938 and placed with a foster family in Geel. When Germany overran Belgium, I was forced to hide. A few months later, my younger sister joined the same household. Though the whole town knew of our Jewish origin, we lived through the entire war years without any harm, at the constant risk of many peo-

ple's lives. Never again have I known such love and care.

When I read of all the inhumanity that exists today, I need the knowledge of Geel and its compassionate citizens to restore my faith in mankind.

ROBERT A. KISS

Manhattan

Sir: Your story recalls an incident that occurred during my visit there eight years ago. Late one afternoon, I saw a poster announcing that the film to be shown that night was *Psycho*—Alfred Hitchcock's shockingly violent story of a maniacal killer. I envisioned the awful effects on Geel's paranoics and schizophrenics who dutifully attended the weekly shows.

I mounted my bicycle and pedaled rapidly along the cobblestone streets to alert Dr. Hadelin Rademaekers, the medical director. The 74-year-old psychiatrist smiled, patted my arm and told me not to worry. "My *malades* are not so sick they cannot distinguish between a mere film and reality," he assured me. Still worried, I hung around outside the theater that night. Finally, the people emerged—laughing and giggling as though they had seen a comedy. The old gent was right: his sick ones were too sane to be fooled by Hollywood's make-believe.

ROLAND H. BERG

Science and Medicine Editor

Look Magazine

Manhattan

Nursery School

Sir: In your article "The Wild Flowers of Thought" [March 14], you mention a Russian proverb that according to you runs like this: "With seven nurses, the child goes blind." Obviously you had in mind the following Russian proverb:

У СЕМИ НАРКОВ ДИТА СЛЕП РАВЯ .

It can indeed be literally translated as "With seven nurses the child has no eye." However, it does not mean at all that the child in question goes blind, even in one eye. Rather it simply indicates that the child is without proper supervision, since no nurse keeps an eye on him, relying in that respect on other nurses.

WALTER BOND

Syracuse, N.Y.

As Ye Sow . . .

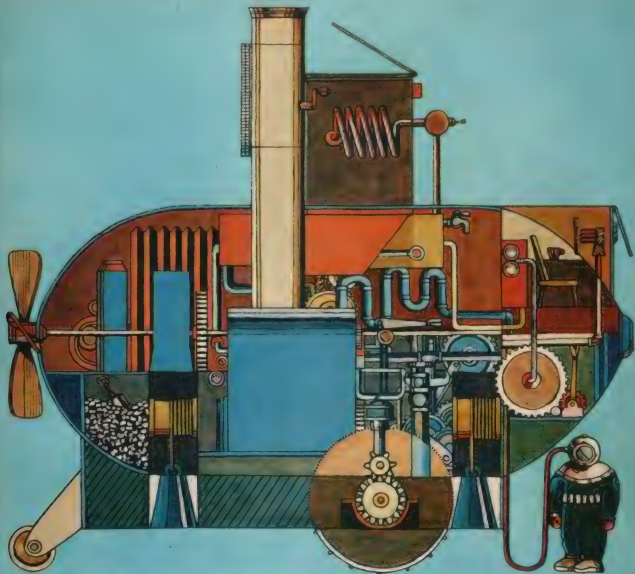
Sir: After reading of the cruel slaughter of the young harp seals in Canada [March 21], I experienced a feeling of very great and utter sadness. When we no longer care about the very young and helpless, we deserve all the horrors we may reap.

SHARON BATES

Cassleberry, Fla.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shirley

ARRANGING an interview with a head of state often involves a time-consuming and frustrating tangle of red tape. For TIME's Saigon Bureau Chief Marsh Clark, merely making a date with South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu was a great deal simpler than keeping it.

When he arrived at the presidential palace to interview Thieu for this week's cover story, Clark's press credentials did not move the guards to relax the caution of long experience. The office car, the two tape recorders Clark was carrying, everything got a thorough going-over. In a search for hidden bombs or bombers, one guard even poked under the chassis with a mirror fixed to the end of a long pole.

After that, the interview itself was perhaps the easiest part of the bureau's work on the cover. Thieu's English is not perfect, but he is a pleasure for a reporter to work with, says Clark. "He is clear, direct, candid and alert." Other sources were not always so cooperative, or so close at hand.

As its members fanned out across the nervous countryside for the report on the status of the war, the Saigon bureau was as thorough in its research as those palace guards. Clark, Wallace Terry, John Wilhelm, William Marmon, Burton Pines and the bureau's two Vietnamese reporters put together remarkably detailed files for the story that was written by William Doerner, researched by Sara Collins, and edited by Jason McManus. The men in the field interviewed soldiers and civilians, intellectuals and politicians. At the battle front and in the rocket-torn cities, in schools and on the Senate floor, they conducted their interviews.

As a journalist, says Clark, he worked for newspapers in St. Joseph,



CLARK & THIEU

Mo., St. Louis and Washington, D.C., before joining TIME's Chicago bureau in 1962. Since then, his assignments have taken him to Britain, Scandinavia, Africa, Canada and all over the U.S. But his only exposure to the sort of unpleasantness he has found in Viet Nam came in Oxford, Miss. "That was in the fall of 1962, when I cringed behind Doric columns at 'Ole Miss' to avoid Confederate fusillades unleashed to protest the enrollment of James Meredith."

For all his varied experience, says Clark, "nothing prepared me for covering Vietnamese politics, which are unfathomable to the Vietnamese themselves." Viet Nam and its troubles, he says, are an obsessive subject with everyone in the bureau. For occasional lighthearted relief, Clark reports that he and his colleagues have spent their spare time working out some novel methods for ending the war. It is doubtful that either statesmen or generals will agree on the peace-winning potential of the most imaginative of the bureau's ideas: "Drop 50,000 Honda motor scooters by parachute on Hanoi. In the hands of Vietnamese riders, they are peculiarly lethal weapons; and when they are not moving fast enough to cause casualties, they can be counted on to tie up the city in war-stopping traffic jams."

The Cover: Pen and ink on watercolor by David Stone Martin.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

March 28, 1969 Vol. 93, No. 13

THE NATION

THE FIRST TWO MONTHS: BETWEEN BRAKE AND ACCELERATOR

The days of a passive presidency belong to a simpler past. Let me be very clear about this: the next President must take an activist view of his office. He must articulate the nation's values, define its goals and marshal its will.

RICHARD NIXON's campaign definition accurately and eloquently summarizes the leadership that the country expects from its 37th President. In his third month in office, President Nixon is discovering that Candidate Nixon laid down a demanding standard and established a rigorous test for the man who occupies the White House. So far, the most common complaint against him is not so much that he has been wrong, but that he has not been active enough.

This reflects Nixon's deliberate decision to move slowly, steadily and to cool down both the pace and the passions that characterized the last Johnson years. The Nixon Administration has yet to make several score major appointments. Far from "cleaning house in the State Department," as he prom-

ised during the campaign, Nixon has made fewer changes than John Kennedy did when he took over from a Republican Administration in 1961. There is no set of proposals that might be labeled the Nixon program. There is as yet no significant departure from Johnson policy in any major area.

The Key Question. Nixon has taken a position on the anti-ballistic missile, but one that does not really settle the issue (see following story). The decision typifies his approach so far—somewhere between action and caution. As for Viet Nam, Nixon has not—so far as the public can see, anyway—moved from the Johnson Administration's policy. Casualties still run as high as 300 or 400 a week. Since peace talks began in Paris last May, more than 10,000 young Americans have been killed.

The President's meeting in California last week with Ellsworth Bunker, the ambassador to Saigon, and General Andrew Goodpaster, deputy chief of U.S. forces in Viet Nam, may be only one of a series of crucial meetings aimed at new moves toward

peace (see THE WORLD). "This is like any other delicate operation," says a top Nixon aide. "The public doesn't have to know what the strategy is. The last Administration made the terrible mistake of announcing what it was going to do. Why should we tell the other side what our negotiating position is?"

Still, the nation's discontent with the war will not be suspended indefinitely. The key question is, how long a moratorium does the President have? Nixon's own perhaps over-optimistic estimate: about six months.

Reticent Voices. The striking fact is that in a time of intolerance and acrimony, so many have been silent since Inauguration Day. Antiwar posters have not disappeared from the campuses. But the young and the militant have kept campus rebellions going more to support their own causes than to protest Viet Nam. Senate doves have not lost their voices, but they have been reticent. The presidential critic has for the moment become rather rare. That situation is likely to change over the ABM issue. But for the present, if Nixon has excited only a few, he has angered perhaps even fewer. Arthur Schlesinger complained that "no new President in memory has made so little effort in his first weeks in office to define his purposes," but many liberals, including charter Nixon-haters, are finding that they can live with the man surprisingly well.

"Do you, too, commence to feel the faint embarrassment of becoming comfortable with Richard Nixon?" asked Columnist Murray Kempton. San Francisco Folk Philosopher Eric Hoffer, who says that he was totally against Nixon before November, now recants. "The man is a total surprise," says Hoffer. "It's wonderful that a man who is so denigrated turns out to be so good. I glory in it." Few other observers share Hoffer's extravagant enthusiasm, but TIME correspondents around the country find that many others who voted for Hubert Humphrey also find merit—if only grudgingly—in the Republican President.

Traveling around Virginia and Pennsylvania last week, White House Correspondent Simmons Fentress found that most people give Nixon good, if not spectacularly high marks on his first 60 days. At the same time, the President has made almost no headway at



NIXON PLAYING "MISSOURI WALTZ" FOR TRUMANS & PAT
The abrasive partisan has been neither abrasive nor partisan.

all in converting the young and the blacks, who still view him skeptically. Nor has the Administration squarely met any of the problems that dominated the nation in the campaign—crime, disorders, inflation.

Touching as some of the comments from liberals are, they cannot equal in sheer poignancy the anguish of some conservatives who are learning that Nixon is not the man they thought he was. James Jackson Kilpatrick, a conservative Southern journalist, took a dark look at some of Nixon's appointments in the right-wing newsletter *Human Events*. "Pat Moynihan's affable face rises like a moon over urban affairs," he wrote, and declared that conservatives had been waiting in vain for a few scraps from the Administration. "Throw us a bone, Mr. President!" he begged.

Harmony at the Keyboard. Determined to shuck his old reputation as a combative campaigner, Nixon has gone out of his way to appease the opposition party. He stopped off in Independence, Mo., to present Harry Truman with his old White House piano for the Truman Library. Both men shook hands and smiled as if they could not remember that they had traded some of the bitterest personal exchanges in modern American politics.* When Truman, now 84, demurred at a suggestion that he try the old Steinway, Nixon sat down and affably pounded out the *Missouri Waltz* in the key of G. Later, in Southern California, Nixon considered sites for his own library, spending the weekend in a picturesque oceanfront house at San Clemente, 50 miles south of Los Angeles, that he is thinking of buying for a summer White House.

For all his harsh talk about campus unrest, Nixon was unexpectedly mild in his statement on college disturbances released last week. At his direction, Secretary Finch merely dispatched a letter to college administrators, pointing out that there is in existence a statute that cuts off federal aid to demonstrators who have been convicted of breaking the law. Given the strong current of public feeling against the demonstrators, the President could probably have done little less. He could, however, have done a great deal more, and those who hoped for a more repressive policy would undoubtedly be disappointed. The student message is, in fact, a paradigm of the Nixon style as so far revealed. The rhetoric is pitched to the right by condemning violence (but at the same time the message calls for reform). The action—or lack of action—is pitched to the middle and to the left.

In the opinion of Historian Sidney Hyman (*The Politics of Consensus*), Nixon

* As Vice President, Nixon used to refer to the "Truman-Acheson-Stevenson gang," and described all three as "traitors to the high principles" of the Democratic Party. Truman at the same time was widely quoted as calling Nixon "an s.o.b." He denied saying it, however. "I would never call him that," observed the former President. "After all, he claims to be a self-made man."



AERIAL VIEW OF POSSIBLE SUMMER WHITE HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA
Impossible to be mediocre today.

on's new role as a conciliator is another example of the "politics of reverse images," which changes many men who enter the White House. F.D.R., the aristocrat, became known, for example, as the man of the people. Dwight Eisenhower, the general, became the peacemaker. Richard Nixon, the abrasive partisan, has—so far anyway—been neither abrasive nor partisan. Though it is too early to speculate whether Nixon will be a good or bad President—it is probably impossible to be a mediocre President today—it is not too early to speculate, based on even such limited clues, what type of President he will be.

Historians sometimes divide the Presidents into three categories under the names of the three archetypal Chief Executives, James Buchanan, Lincoln's

predecessor, was the formalist who administered but did not lead the country. Lincoln was the heroic leader whose stewardship was passionate, argumentative and highly political. Grover Cleveland was a mixture of the two, not moving forward at a rapid rate, but not stepping very far backward either, expending just enough energy, in Hyman's words, "to maintain the existing kinetic equilibrium."

Following Cleveland, The new President will not follow Buchanan; he is too energetic and committed for that. At the same time, he seems temperamentally incapable of the high-key style of a Lincoln or a Franklin Roosevelt, whose presidency, as Historian Clinton Rossiter notes, was characterized by "his airy eagerness to meet the age head-on." Instead, Nixon seems to view his office much as Cleveland did, and will probably work to push the country in the direction that he thinks it ought to go—with his foot poised between the brake and the accelerator.

Both Cleveland and Eisenhower, however, presided over what Nixon called a "simpler past." Whether the Cleveland concept will work in the complicated present will not be clear for many months, perhaps not until Jan. 20, 1973. By then, there may even be a fourth approach to the presidency, a distinctively Nixonian philosophy. The President has already surprised many people. "I knew, or thought I knew, Nixon in the 1950s," says Rossiter, whose *The American Presidency* has become a standard college text. "I thought I knew him in 1962; I thought I knew him during the last campaign. But now I'm not so sure I know him. I don't think anyone has a clear idea of what Nixon's going to do on any issue." The office is malleable, and Nixon has many choices. There is only one certainty. He does not have unlimited time in which to make his decisions and define his—and the country's—aims.



GROVER CLEVELAND
His was a simpler past.

DIGGING IN ON ABM

THE Nixon Administration's proposed anti-ballistic missile system promises to be the most complex weaponry ever devised. Difficult as it is for laymen to comprehend the technical and strategic functions of the ABM, the great debate over whether the U.S. should deploy the Safeguard system is made infinitely more complicated by public uncertainty as to what the Russians may be planning in the way of offensive or defensive weapons. Last week, to bolster the Administration's case for ABM, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird made public some startling—and previously classified—information.

He told members of two Senate committees that the Soviet Union has gone ahead to install hundreds of giant SS-9 intercontinental ballistic missiles, each of which can deliver up to 25-megaton

hydrogen warheads. (The U.S. Minuteman ICBM carries a relatively modest one-megaton punch.) The SS-9, said Laird, is far too potent a weapon for the mere destruction of cities: since the Soviets must have it in their inventory for the purpose of knocking out a tougher target, the U.S. ICBMs in their silos.

First Attack. Therefore, Laird concluded, the Soviets have done more than construct a missile system restricted to retaliation in case the U.S. strikes first. They have gone on to build missiles that can only be intended to render the U.S. incapable of responding to a Soviet attack—which means that they propose to make the first attack themselves. "There is no question about that," said Laird.

By Laird's estimates, by 1975 the Soviets will have deployed some 500 SS-9 missiles, which—only if the U.S. takes no countermeasures—would enable the U.S.S.R. to knock out substantial numbers of U.S. ICBMs. Last December, however, a top Pentagon official said that the SS-9 was merely a retaliatory weapon, and was not designed for a first strike against the U.S. There has been no new intelligence

since then. The Soviets had installed nearly 200 SS-9s by last summer, and they have now added roughly 15. One line of reasoning among critics of ABM has been that, since Safeguard would defend only a part of the U.S. deterrent, it is unnecessary. Even if many of the 1,054 U.S. ICBMs were knocked out, the U.S. would still have not only its strategic bomber force but also its 41 nuclear-powered Polaris submarines. Each can launch its 16 missiles instantly. However, Laird reported that the Soviets are developing their own equivalent of Polaris.* He said that they are also launching nuclear-powered attack submarines designed to track down the U.S. subs wherever they go, and thus might be able to neutralize a key element of the U.S. deterrent by 1972. The Navy was stunned. Said one

officer: "He is about ten years ahead of our predictions."

Dialogue of the Deaf. Except for Laird's disclosures, his presentation on Capitol Hill and the answering attacks last week resembled a dialogue of the deaf, in which debating opponents resolutely ignore each other's arguments. Laird first appeared before the Senate Armed Services Committee, where he preached to the converted and encountered skeptical questioning only from Missouri's Stuart Symington. When Laird later came to grips with hostile Republicans and Democratic members of Senator William Fulbright's Committee on Foreign Relations, there was scarcely a new idea on either side.

As before, critics argued that the proposed Safeguard system is unnecessary.

* At the 17-nation disarmament meetings in Geneva last week, the Soviet Union proposed a draft agreement forbidding any use of the ocean floor for military purposes—which would force the U.S. to abandon the network of electronic devices that the Navy either has or intends to place on the seabed to keep track of submarine traffic. However, until there is agreement on limiting a much wider array of armaments, the U.S. is not likely to give up its seabed monitoring gear.

unproved and likely to intensify the arms race, Laird maintained that construction of Safeguard is essential to U.S. security. It would not provoke the U.S.S.R., he said, because it was purely defensive.

Option to Ride Out. While Laird found it "most encouraging to see a national debate" growing on ABM, he did not budge under attack. Tennessee's Senator Albert Gore told Laird that deploying ABMs "would make arms-limitation agreement more difficult, if not impossible, to attain, and thus ultimately could degrade our deterrence." Laird replied soothingly that he would like nothing better than to see his job done away with by disarmament. Gore described the ABM scornfully as "a defense in search of a mission," noting that the system had been switched from defending cities to protecting missile sites—"apparently because of a common in Boston and Seattle."

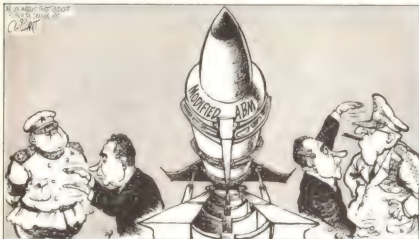
Why, asked Symington, could the U.S. not launch ICBMs at an attacker's territory as rapidly as it could fire ABMs at incoming missiles? Laird passed the question to Dr. John Foster, the Pentagon's research and engineering chief, who replied that he would much rather the U.S. had an option to "ride out" an attack before it had to commit its missiles to irrevocable retaliation. That was one of the few fresh points made on either side.

Fulbright accused Laird of making public classified information that helped his case while withholding secret data that might harm it. In an impassioned outburst, Fulbright accused Laird and the Nixon Administration of applying a "technique of fear" in order to justify the ABM.

Canadian Debate. While the Soviet press handled Nixon's ABM announcement routinely, there was anxiety and outrage in Canada. Since the first Safeguard bases would be a few miles south of the Canadian border, and since Chinese or Soviet ICBMs would come in over the North Pole, the nuclear-armed ABMs sent to intercept them would probably be detonated over Canada. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was kept posted of Lyndon Johnson's Sentinel plans, but he was not informed in advance of President Nixon's switch to Safeguard. In an emergency debate in Ottawa, Socialist Leader Tommy Douglas protested: "Canada is not a banana republic."

Though Trudeau was to confer in Washington this week with Nixon on ABM and other questions, Tory Leader Robert Stanfield doubted that it would do much good. "What is the use," he wondered, "of going to Washington with an open mind when the President of the United States has already made up his mind?"

On Capitol Hill, the debate was obviously going to continue for weeks. An Associated Press poll last week showed 44 Senators against ABM and 35 for it, with 21 undecided. Thus the ultimate resolution seems as uncertain as the prospect of any meeting of minds.



Secretary Laird: on the Other Side of the Table

THE tenth U.S. Secretary of Defense, Melvin Laird, seemed to have unpopular lines to speak onstage all week. Returning from a four-day trip to Viet Nam, he rendered the disappointing (if far from final) verdict that no reduction in the number of U.S. troops there seems foreseeable now. Testifying before two Senate committees, he vigorously defended the Administration's proposed antiballistic missile system, which has widespread opposition, by reporting that the Soviet Union has made considerable advances in offensive weaponry. Then he disclosed that the new defense budget could be cut by no more than \$500,000,000—after President Nixon had earlier held out hope of a \$2.5 billion slash from the Johnson Administration's \$81.5 billion estimate.

Laird is well-cast as the bearer of such news. He has long prided himself on his hard-line, no-nonsense approach to military affairs. He developed a considerable expertise on the subject as a member for 14 years of the House Appropriations subcommittee, which oversees all defense expenditures. Twice, in fact, he taxed Robert McNamara with underestimating costs in Viet Nam and produced his own calculations, which McNamara rejected. On both occasions, Laird turned out to be right.

Two months is a short time in which to master the intricacies of the Pentagon from inside, but Laird has made an energetic start. Since he lacks administrative experience, he fought hard to get as his deputy David Packard, the centimillionaire co-proprietor of a West Coast electronics firm that has sizable defense contracts. While Laird has immersed himself in day-to-day Pentagon business in order to learn the nuts and bolts of the Defense Department, Packard has taken on the long-range tasks. He heads the studies on ABM, the aftermath of *Pueblo's* seizure, the defense budget for fiscal 1970, and long-range strategy.

Laird has brought to the defense job the easy informality of the skilled politician. He usually ducks down from Suite 3-E 880 to eat in the staff mess. This week he will take 30 of his top aides, military and civilian, down to Airlie House in Virginia for strategic discussions. In a gesture unheard of under his two predecessors, Laird invited their wives along.

Besides recruiting the experienced Packard, Laird has kept on two key men: Secretary of the Army (since 1965) Stanley Resor and the Pentagon's research and engineering chief, Dr. John Foster, an extremely articulate scientist who has had the job for four years. When Laird wanted to provide a questioning Senator with technical data during last week's hearings, he turned either to Packard or Foster. Laird is hardly unsympathetic to the uniformed military Establishment, but he has laid down one ground rule for the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Under McNamara, top generals and admirals often aired their policy differences with the civilian Secretary by taking their case before congressional committees hostile to McNamara. Laird has ordered that all such disputes will be resolved inside the Pentagon, not in public.

In the past, Laird's tough stance on military questions earned him the reputation of a better-dead-than-Red hawk. In his 1962 book *A House Divided—America's Strategy Gap*, he wrote: "We will, every one of us, die ei-

ther in the latter years of the 20th century or in the early part of the 21st. Therefore, the question of physical life is already answered for us, as it has been for each generation of man. Only details of days, months, years—or hours—are unresolved." Since natural or unnatural death is inescapable, he suggested, life must be risked to give "that inevitable death a nobility of purpose." He went on to argue that the U.S. should have responded far more aggressively to Soviet challenges in Cuba, Hungary and Berlin, and contended that in some circumstances the U.S. would be justified in making a preemptive first nuclear strike against Russia. Laird today obviously does not adhere to such views, and in his new post realizes that they are no longer applicable.

With his piercing brown eyes and close-cropped, balding head, Laird resembles an Oriental warlord. Though formidable in public, he is relaxed and jovial among friends. He has no intellectual pretensions, reads few books or magazines but meticulously studies the abstruse questions of national defense. Besides his tenacity, Laird's biggest plus is his familiarity with the ways and whims of Congress. Elected to the House at 30, he won the unusual accolade of appointment to the Appropriations Committee as a freshman. His adroit maneuvering helped replace aging Charles Halleck with Michigan's Gerald Ford as minority leader in 1965. It was only reluctantly that Laird left the House to join Nixon's Cabinet. He cherished the hope of becoming Speaker one day, but losing his seniority probably meant abandoning that aspiration.

Laird's congressional experience may yet become one of the Nixon Administration's greater assets. In a difficult week on the Hill, he met sometimes brutal opposition with bonhomie and bland humor. His toughest antagonist, Arkansas' William Fulbright, acknowledged wryly that it would be a mistake to ask Laird a question, because the Secretary knew enough to consume the rest of Fulbright's ten-minute time allowance by answering that one question at length. When Fulbright asked him for a list of independent scientists who opposed ABM deployment, Laird parried for a time but ended the exchange candidly: "I get the message." Later, he bantered amiably with Fulbright in the corner of the Senate Caucus Room. Then the two on-camera enemies smiled broadly and patted each other on the back.

"I have always been a critic," Laird confessed last December after Nixon had named him to head Defense. "I used to have the reputation of being a good questioner," he said last week. He began his ABM testimony with a disarming prologue: "I come before you today with rather mixed emotions. On the one hand, I am happy to be back in the familiar surroundings of the committee hearing room. On the other hand, I have an uneasy feeling that I may be on the wrong side of the table—where one is expected to have good answers and not just good questions." Laird concedes that it is easier to be an inquisitor than an advocate. At a time when even the best-laid plans and pronouncements of the military Establishment are increasingly subject to public skepticism, he may face a tougher job than any of his predecessors.



LAIRD BEFORE SENATE

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

Agnew Ascendant

On his way to becoming a household word, Spiro T. Agnew learned that lampoonery is the most devastating weapon in the political armory. "Look what's happened to me," the new Vice President complained to a friend shortly before the Inauguration. "Six months ago I was a fairly popular and successful Governor. Now I'm being called the village idiot."

Indeed, Ted Agnew's gift of gaffe inspired gagwriters from beautiful downtown Burbank to catty midtown Manhattan. Democrats dubbed him "Zorba the Veep." The Washington cocktail circuit relayed countless gags about him. They ranged from the line about Mickey Mouse wearing a Spiro Agnew watch to the unkindest cut of all—that he was the only Greek since Achilles to make a heel a campaign issue.

Of late, however, Agnew has demonstrated a surprising ability to turn the shaft in his favor. Having already won grudging admiration from his critics for his tireless efforts to learn his job, the Vice President delighted two of Washington's most capricious dinner audiences by delivering some of the best political punchlines heard in a long time. Although most of the gags are credited to *Laugh-In* writer Paul Keyes, Agnew dropped his lines with professional aplomb, obviously relishing the blend of self-deprecatory humor and sly pokes at his boss.

With the Tour. Agnew talked about the prestige of having his own plane ("It's Air Force 13, and it's a glider"), of having access to the White House at any time ("I come in the front door—with the regular tour.") and his thorough policy briefings ("Right now I'm studying the AMB.").

He confided to the White House Radio and Television Correspondents' dinner that the President had tried to discourage him from ad-libbing his speech, suggesting that he should recite only his name, rank and serial number instead. Said Agnew: "Well, I told him I thought I ought to say something more important than that, and he looked at me again. And, you know, for a minute there I thought I had a glimpse of the old Nixon."

He told the Gridiron Club dinner that Nixon had urged him to get on TV interview shows, and had the White House staff schedule appearances. Said Agnew: "I'll be on *Meet the Press*, opposite the Army-Navy game; on *Face the Nation* opposite General de Gaulle's arrival at the White House; and on *Issues and Answers* opposite live coverage of Julie and David's surprise party for Ted Kennedy—at the ranch." But Nixon also promised him, he said, "that when he's ready to recognize Red China, he'll let me announce it."

Cram Course. Obviously, a string of well-delivered punchlines is hardly a qualification for a Vice President trying to measure up to a job that has such awesome contingencies. All the same, the results have bolstered Agnew's morale and his prestige. (As of last week, he was receiving 40 to 50 invitations a day to make speeches.) In fact, the first 60 days of the Administration have been a deadly serious time for Agnew, who, while cramming for his new role, burst a blood vessel in his right eye. Although he is the first Vice President since Henry Wallace who has not ascended from the Senate, Agnew has won generous praise from both Democratic and Republican members for a job well done as President of the Upper Chamber. On the Hill and within the federal Establishment, the word is beginning to trickle back: "Agnew isn't what we thought. He's sincere and doing his homework."

Perhaps the person least surprised by the pickup in Agnew's fortunes is the Vice President himself. "I didn't come to this office unsophisticated, even though my image may have arrived that way." If Agnew, through a diligent application of hard work and good humor, can keep up the momentum of his ascendancy, he may enjoy the longest laugh of all—the last.

DEFENSE

The Longest Jump

When the North Korean armies swept south across the 38th parallel in June, 1950, it was nearly two weeks before the U.S. could bring in a division of reinforcements by sea from Japan. Not until three months later did the U.N. forces succeed in pushing the North Koreans back into their own territory.

Last week, after 19 years, the U.S. showed how far it has developed the ability to rush crack troops to the scene of a crisis. Giant four-jet C-141 StarLifters flew some 700 men of the 82nd Air-



82ND AIRBORNE HITTING
Unsettling to both

borne Division—part of a larger airlifted force—8,500 miles from Fort Bragg, N.C., with two refueling stops, to parachute-drop zones near Seoul in 55 hours. But for heavy snowstorms in South Korea, which forced a 24-hour postponement of the parachute jump, the operation would have taken barely more than a day.

Playing with Fire. Exercise Focus Retina* was the latest in a series of airlift demonstrations that have whisked troops from home bases in the U.S. to hypothetical hotspots in Iran, Turkey, Greece, Norway and West Germany. It was also the longest distance that airborne troops had ever been flown to a parachute drop. A fleet of 44 C-141s and 33 smaller, slower propjet C-130 Hercules transports carried 2,500 men and 721 tons of supplies and equipment from the eastern U.S. to South Korea. Aside from the weather delay, there were few untoward hitches in the military exercise. One paratrooper's static line failed to release him, and he dangled behind the aircraft until he could cut himself loose with a knife. The 82nd's commander, Major General John Deane, parachuted smack into the middle of an icy 50-ft.-wide stream. He was hastily fished out and draped in a dry parka before going to meet South Korea's President Chung Hee Park at a reviewing stand near by.

Focus Retina, which cost about \$1.5 million, was intended as a show of force to discourage the North Korean commando incursions into the South that have grown increasingly bold since the beginning of 1968. In Pyongyang, North Korea's Foreign Ministry de-

* A Pentagon spokesman accounts for the name thus: "It sounded catchy to somebody in the Joint Chiefs. It has no rhyme or reason."



VEEP IN CAPITOL OFFICE
The word is trickling back.



THE SILK NEAR SEOUL
North and South.

nounced the U.S. for "running wild to provoke a new war in Korea." The exercise, said the Communists, was "the most wanton violation of the Korean Armistice agreement and a reckless playing with fire, threatening peace in Asia and the rest of the world." In the six days before the U.S. parachute drop, four firefights broke out in the demilitarized zone. One American was killed in the worst incident, and two U.S. troops and a South Korean soldier wounded. A U.S. helicopter evacuating the wounded crashed, killing all seven aboard. Pyongyang was making plain its annoyance at Focus Retina.

Too Successful. The exercise also had the object of reassuring South Koreans that the U.S., for all its other commitments, remains solidly behind them. President Park, who has sent some 50,000 of his best troops to South Viet Nam, feels he may have to withdraw all or part of that force if pressure from Pyongyang continues. He knows that the U.S. cannot spare more men to add to the 55,000 it already has on the ground in South Korea.

Washington, of course, would like him to keep his troops in Viet Nam, so Exercise Focus Retina was set up to show Park that reinforcements could be moved swiftly from the U.S. to South Korea if needed. It may have succeeded too well. The South Korean army already guards all but 18 miles of the 151-mile frontier with North Korea. South Korean officials were impressed with the speed of the U.S. airlift. But they are now worried that the U.S. may try to pull some of its forces out of Korea on the grounds that in any emergency, it could easily fly them right back. No matter how rapidly U.S. troops can be flown in, Seoul would be much happier if they remained in place in South Korea.

NEW YORK

Another Chance

Four years ago, radiating hope and youthful vigor, Republican John Vliet Lindsay held out a promise to New Yorkers to rescue their grimy, glittering metropolis from decades of Democratic decline. "I'm running for mayor because the city is in crisis," he told voters in his first mayoral campaign. "The streets are filthy. We'll rip down the crud-dy slums in this town. There is crime. And people are afraid."

Now, after three years of Lindsay rule, New York is still in crisis. The streets are filthy, more than a quarter of all housing units in the city is substandard. The crime rate has jumped by more than 50%. People are no less afraid than before.

Last week, graying but as kinetic as ever at 47, Mayor Lindsay asked New Yorkers to give him four more years to try to bring the nation's unruliest city under control. Flanked by such Republican icons as former Governor Thomas E. Dewey and Mrs. Fiorello La Guardia, Lindsay announced his candidacy. "I run because too much, much too much, is at stake to abandon the effort my administration has begun," Lindsay said. "I believe the tide of physical and spiritual decay has been turned." He added a warning: "No matter who is elected, the years ahead will not be easy."

Ugly Rift. These are not the words of the enthusiastic reformer of yesterday—and for good reason. New York, the saying goes, is ungovernable. Yet the city, in some ways, is in worse shape today than it was under Lindsay's canny predecessor, Robert Wagner. Since Lindsay took office, the welfare rolls have doubled. Exorbitant rent increases have alienated and driven out middle-class whites—although the mayor recently forced a substantial cutback by threatening landlords with rent control. An explosive experiment in school decentralization has left an ugly rift in the Negro-Jewish ethnic alliance that brought Lindsay into office. The mayor's weakest point has been labor relations: teachers, transit employees, welfare workers, firemen, police and garbage men have all struck the city or called slowdowns during his term.

He has made some progress, notably by putting the city's finances on a sounder basis, keeping the restive ghettos free of major riots, and reducing air pollution. Still, many of Lindsay's accomplishments have been in spirit rather than in substance.

While Lindsay's glamorous approach to governing has helped his national reputation, his handling of day-to-day city administration has cut into much of his original support among liberals and independents. The mayor's most significant changes in procedure and style—closer civilian surveillance of the police, his celebrated walks through tense ghetto areas, school decentralization—have most heavily cut into his support among white,

middle-class citizens, who feel that the blacks have been favored at their expense. Now Lindsay must face them at the polls. His strength has come mainly from outside his Republican Party's rank-and-file, who make up only 592,075 of the city's 2,773,500 voters. (In 1965, he headed a fusion ticket, with the endorsement of the Republicans and the city's small but influential Liberal Party.) He must first get past the hurdle of the June 17 Republican primary, the G.O.P.'s first in 28 years. Lindsay faces a serious challenge from a conservative state senator named John J. Marchi and from voluble Brooklyn Assemblyman Vito Battista. He also may be challenged on the Liberal line by Bronx Democratic Congressman James Scheuer.

Horde of Hopefuls. On the Democratic side, a horde of potential candidates has appeared, eager to get a crack at the apparently vulnerable Lindsay, but no serious threat has yet materialized. As usual, the Democrats tend to split their strength; so far, declarations have been made by a Viet Nam hardliner, two liberals, a conservative, and a handful of less identifiable aspirants. At week's end influential Democrats were urging ex-Mayor Wagner to make the race, in hopes of halting their party's lemming-like stampede. Wagner would threaten Lindsay's renomination on the Liberal line, which went to Wagner in two of his mayoral campaigns.

As for Lindsay, he may have all the makings of a presidential candidate, but in the meantime he has to stay alive in New York. Norman Frank, a declared Democratic candidate and public relations counsel for the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, puts it in an amusing exaggeration. Says Frank: "He's the most popular mayor in the world—outside of New York."



LINDSAY & MRS. LA GUARDIA
More spirit than substance.



JUDGE BATTLE

An ordeal to be endured.

THE RAY CASE

Request for a Reprise

*What are cannons, or bombs, or clashing of swords?
For death is more certain by witnesses' words.*

—John Gay (1685-1732)

The answer that Gay advocated in *The Beggar's Opera* was to nail witnesses' lips together so that they could not testify. That advice was not lost on the formidable Percy Foreman when he set out to defend the assassin of Martin Luther King Jr. Foreman's way of doing that—to avoid having to argue before a jury against the damaging evidence marshaled against James Earl Ray—was to make a deal with prosecutor Phil M. Canale Jr. for a negotiated guilty plea. The result turned Ray's trial in Memphis into a formality that left unanswered questions of whether a conspiracy existed to murder King.

In court, Ray appeared to accept Foreman's advice, but he did not take long to change his mind. "He told me he was sorry he had pleaded guilty," Shelby County Sheriff William N. Morris Jr. said last week. Morris had spoken to Ray on the morning after he was sentenced to a 99-year term in the state penitentiary in Nashville. Ray told him: "Oh, I'm planning to come back." Indeed, almost as soon as Ray had become a prisoner, he wrote to Judge W. Preston Battle asking for a new trial.

Jailhouse Lawyer. Ray said that he was firing Foreman—to which the attorney retorted that his connection with the case had ended the moment that Ray was sentenced. Ray also indicated his intent to alter his plea to not guilty, even though conviction by a jury for murder in the first degree could land him on Nashville's Death Row.

Ray's original plea of guilty means that his sole recourse to obtain a new trial is through a writ of habeas corpus. He told the judge that he would soon be filing such a petition. "I understand this man's a pretty fair jailhouse lawyer," Battle noted. Ray may also receive professional help. Last week he wrote to his previous defender, Arthur J. Hanes. Then Lawyer J. B. Stoner of Savannah, Ga., a lifelong anti-Negro and anti-Semitic agitator, announced that he would represent Ray in several libel suits.

Not Surprised. The judge was not very surprised by last week's doings. Even before Ray's letter was delivered, Battle apparently anticipated that the case would drop back into his lap. Fiercely uncommunicative about Ray, he continued to guard his tongue. A misplaced word might oblige him to disqualify himself and subject another judge to the ordeal that Battle has endured since he was assigned to try Ray last July 20. Said Battle: "I would not do that to anyone."

CHICAGO

Eight Plus Eight

Seven months after the Democratic National Convention, the bitterness surrounding that debacle has hardly abated. Last week a federal grand jury in Chicago ended months of deliberation with a balancing act that is certain to ignite fresh controversy. The jury indicted eight demonstrators and eight Chicago policemen for their part in the disorders. The demonstrators were the first to be charged under the 1968 anti-riot section of the Civil Rights Act for conspiring and crossing state lines to incite riot. Among those subject to as much as ten years in prison and \$20,000 in fines, if convicted, are such movement luminaries as David Dellinger, Rennie Davis and Tom Hayden. Yippie Leaders Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, Black Panther Bobby Seale and two university instructors who helped to organize the demonstrations.

The indictment accused the eight of intent to promote riot and "to teach and demonstrate to other persons the use, application and making of incendiary devices for use in civil disorders." Their plans, it charged, included one to "occupy forcibly, and hold all or part of the Conrad Hilton Hotel" on the day of the presidential nomination.

Four of the eight policemen had been suspended by the department for their conduct in the disorders. Seven of the eight were charged with beating various newsmen or students. The eighth, Lieut. Carl Dobrich, was charged with two counts of perjury stemming from his denial before the grand jury that he had taken part in the assaults. Some Chicago police, noting that 43 of their colleagues have already been disciplined in the wake of the convention disorders, are grumbling that the newly indicted cops were "thrown to the wolves."

THE CITY: REQUIEM

THE best thing about Baltimore," according to Comedian Mark Russell, "is the tunnel that runs under it." Nonetheless, its garish strip clubs and clip joints make it one of America's favorite ports of call for sex-starved sailors and roistering conventioners. If it is something of an Eldorado for the fun-seeking male, the city's seedy 19th century core is also a nightmare for a reform-minded police commissioner and city planners, who in recent years have managed to replace 22 depressed acres of slums with office buildings, hotels and theaters. The city's present target is one that many Baltimoreans had long considered inviolable: the Block. A loud, neon-bathed concentration of gin mills and peel parlors, the Block (which at present embraces four city blocks) is a short walk from the waterfront—and only a few paces from city hall and police headquarters.

While Baltimore's urban-renewal program has concentrated from the start on the city's seediest areas, the Block has traditionally been regarded as more of a boon than a blight. Like New Orleans' French Quarter, it attracts hordes of free-spending tourists—and offers them a wider range of distractions. However, Baltimore's new city planner, Larry Reich, doubts its worth. "I'm convinced the Block isn't that much of an entertainment value for the city," he says. "I really think it has become an obsolete, tawdry thing of the past." Reich is planning to eliminate the Block within 10 years, replacing it with a multimillion-dollar inner-harbor redevelopment project, including a community



BLAZE STARR IN FRONT OF Queen and

FOR THE BLOCK

college, a shopping mall, and municipal and commercial office buildings. Meanwhile, one whole block of seamy establishments has already been razed to make way for, of all things, a new \$11 million police headquarters.

Death of Suckers. Actually, the Block's heyday has long passed. While miniskirted hookers are still out in force, most of the bars and strip joints are half empty. There are fewer suckers to buy endless rounds of watered-down drinks (at \$2.50 a shot) for B-girls who deliver only promises, promises. Such famed attractions as Ronnie Bell and Her Twin Liberty Bells, who work the Villanova Show Bar, and 6-ft. 6-in. Kitty, a few doors down at Club Troc, have trouble piling up bar tabs. Some club owners complain that today's movies, which are consistently more erotic than any cabaret act, are keeping customers away. While the Block has the reputation of being one of the safest places in town to walk after dark—the cops give it very special attention—incidents of muggings and robbery are no longer uncommon. "They lure them out of here where there's all these lights and go up the street where it's quiet," a bartender explained. "They don't want to ruin a good thing."

Disillusioning Revelations. Baltimoreans have mixed feelings about the Block's gradual demise. City Council President William D. Schaefer has supported its continuance. But Police Commissioner Donald Pomerleau claims to have dissuaded Schaefer. "I told him," says Pomerleau, "that there is the most base, gross conduct over there and there

is no place for the Block anywhere in the city of Baltimore." Investigations of organized crime in the city have uncovered a \$10 million-a-year numbers empire operating out of the Block and linked several club owners to nationwide betting syndicates. These revelations have disillusioned many Baltimoreans who had previously opposed any interference with the sin strip.

Many in the city fear that when the Block falls, its residents will simply re-establish themselves all over town. "If the bulldozers come, the Block will scatter just like the whores do," said a veteran nightclub owner, Maurice Cohen. "They'll move upstairs and downstairs with you." To prevent such an occurrence, civic leaders have given thought to transplanting the entire Block onto a showboat, or a nearby pier, or, possibly, onto a rat-infested island known as Fort Carroll.

The Block's most ardent champion is its reigning queen, Stripper Blaze (40-24-38) Starr. At 34, Blaze is still the liveliest ecdysiast on the Block and heads the bill at her own nightclub, the Two O'Clock Club, whose value she estimates at \$500,000. "You have to change with the times," Blaze says. "I'm not against urban renewal, but Baltimore needs a place for conventioners and tourists." Often half her audience is composed of women friends who work with her on various Baltimore charities. Blaze is respectable and respected, but she is sadly aware that the Block is not. "There will always be a Block, whether it is here or somewhere else," she contends. In all probability, she is right. If the present city administration has its way, the Block will indeed wind up somewhere else—far from Baltimore.

From Detroit, with Love

Honeybun.

Arrived in Detroit O.K. But on the way to talk to the people at Universal Inexplicable, I almost got smooched by a cop. Would you believe it!!!!?

Well, it seems this city got a new police commissioner last July and, boy, I guess it needed one. A year after those awful riots and all, the ghettos were still crumbling and the cops were being charged with brutality, inefficiency, corruption and so forth. So this new commissioner—his name, I learned, is Johannes F. Spreen, and he comes from New York City—announces a big-deal program of police reform. Tough new disciplinary standards, new equipment, etc. Mace? Hell, no! You won't believe it, honey, but Spreen's cure-all for crime is another four-letter word: LOVE.

Well, as you know, I'm a founding member of the Peekskill Police Advisory Panel (PPAP), so of course I had to interview this Spreen. What a guy! Back of his desk was a huge Valentine from some high school kids inscribed: "Our cops are tops! With luv to the fuzz—Love—Peace—Have a successful love-in." So what's this love bit about? Well,



SREEN WITH "BUCK UP" BUCKS
"Robins be welcome, robbers beware."

Spreen explained, he had this idea for a 100-day love-in. For 100 days, he wanted all the wise guys to lay off the cops and give him a chance to make some changes. He said that if he had to pick one thing that could really solve the crime problem it would be love. Great, but what does it mean? Well, says Spreen, "if you care about your fellow citizens no matter what their hue, that's love. If you do your thing well within the law and within the bounds of propriety, that's love. If you have faith in people and your police, that's love."

The next thing you know, honey, the whole city is behind Spreen. He delivers some pretty corny slogans, such as "Robins be welcome, robbers beware," but they eat it up here. Actually, the crime rate went up the first two months of this year. Seems it was a pretty mild winter in Detroit, and Spreen says the reason for the crime rise was that he didn't have his three best patrolmen working for him. He calls them "Snow, Rain and Cold." Ho, ho! Well, just as this whole thing is getting off the ground, Spreen starts another drive, this time for dollar contributions from citizens to help the department buy some new equipment. He calls it "Buck Up Your Police," and already \$11,000 has come in. And he isn't forgetting the reforms, either. He's putting name tags on the cops, and he has them out walking a beat so the people will get to know them.

He's cutting red tape so that any police offenses can be reported quickly, and he isn't pussyfooting around with any cops who are found guilty of brutality. He just fired one, reduced a couple of others and disciplined a fourth. Quite a guy, this Spreen. He's really changing things out here and making people love it.

Love.
Your old man

P.S. Love to the kids, too.



HER BALTIMORE NIGHTCLUB
still champion.

THE WORLD

THE STRATEGY AND TACTICS OF PEACE IN VIET NAM

ALL the old questions were asked—but in new ways that invited honest answers, fresh opinions, dissenting views. The questioning began at field level two months ago, funneled steadily upward and inward to commanders and moved from there to the corridors of Washington. It constituted one of the most intensive policy reviews ever conducted inside the Federal Government.

down by Johnson in his last months in office. Around the conference table in Paris, Nixon's new negotiating team, led by Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, gives every impression of men still awaiting their instructions. The Communists fight on too, drawing fresh U.S. headlines daily through the fourth week of their post-Tet 1969 offensive. The blunt aim of their attacks seems to be to kill

year. Last week, his tour completed, Laird reported in Washington that at present this did not seem possible after all. It was unwelcome news, allayed only by the near certainty that, in fact, Laird's disavowal was more tactical than factual. His statement was not meant to preclude the possibility of troop withdrawals later this year, but simply to preserve a bargaining position in Paris. Why should the U.S. unilaterally announce a cut in its forces, asks the Nixon Administration, without trying to get something in return from Hanoi? In the context of the current Communist offensive, Laird's statement also served to warn Hanoi that the new Administration was not about to be panicked out of Viet Nam.

Essential Reliability

The Administration was believed to be working through secret channels to negotiate troop withdrawals—and drafting detailed plans with the Saigon government on the logistics of a reduction. On the diplomatic front, secret talks between the U.S. and North Viet Nam aimed at scaling down the level of fighting have almost certainly begun in Paris and other points, despite Administration disclaimers. President Nixon's decision not to resume bombing North Viet Nam in retaliation for the current offensive by the Communists represents an important policy decision not to turn the clock back in Viet Nam, even though the South Vietnamese government is urging the bombing of Hanoi and U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker has added his weight to their plea.

Nixon feels that he must retain "the ability to make 20 moves or more at the same time," as one top adviser puts it—and make them largely in secrecy. He must maintain the pressure on the battlefield, but not so intensely that Hanoi breaks off the peace talks in Paris. He must continue preparing the South Vietnamese to assume more responsibility, but not undercut them by bargaining with the North behind their backs. He must allow the Saigon government to negotiate as an equal partner, but not permit it to exhaust U.S. public patience by foot dragging. In all this, an essential element is the reliability of the South Vietnamese government and the man who runs it, President Nguyen Van Thieu.

Fortunately, the U.S. can finally count on a reasonably secure and stable government in Saigon. For that, and for the first tentative signs that it is preparing its people for the day when they will have to shoulder the burden of their war, the U.S. in large part can thank Thieu, the solitary, sometimes enigmatic but increasingly forceful President of South Viet Nam. In the 17



ARVN TROOPS DRAGGING AWAY VIET CONG DEAD
The bedeviling imponderables are still imponderables.

and the subject, of course, was Viet Nam. Last week the results reached the desk of the man who ordered the inquiry, Richard Nixon, who must ultimately weigh the choices and choose his course for extricating the nation from the longest war in its history. The timing was right, for at week's end Nixon flew off to California to continue the questioning in person. Meeting him there in a Pacific beach house at San Clemente were Ambassador to Saigon Ellsworth Bunker and the deputy U.S. commander in Viet Nam, General Andrew Goodpastor. Accompanying the President was his chief foreign affairs adviser, Henry Kissinger, who boarded Air Force One carrying the thick black notebooks of analysis that hold Nixon's emerging Viet Nam policy.

To many, it seemed high time for the President to begin articulating his position. On the battlefields, U.S. commanders continue to fight the war more or less on the scale and scope laid

Americans, despite occasional shellings of South Vietnamese cities, and they are succeeding. For the third week in a row, more than 350 U.S. servicemen died in action, nearly twice the weekly rate that had prevailed before the offensive. Some time this week the 33,630th American is likely to fall in Viet Nam, exceeding the U.S. battle losses in the Korean War.

The foremost question is how soon the U.S. might begin to disengage from the war by bringing home at least some American forces. The need to do this is great because, without some sign that the U.S. can turn over more of the fighting to the South Vietnamese, the American nation may simply not be prepared to continue the Viet Nam war effort long enough to reach a satisfactory settlement in Paris. When Defense Secretary Melvin Laird arrived in Viet Nam on a fact-finding tour, he suggested that it might be possible to bring some 50,000 soldiers home this

months he has held office, Thieu has constructed the strongest government in South Viet Nam since the days of Ngo Dinh Diem, whose overthrow he helped to plan. Amid the ceaseless intrigues of Saigon politics, he has persuaded some former rivals to join his government and, more important, has given South Viet Nam's fledgling institutions a measure of legality. That gives hope for the future, and makes the government virtually coup-proof for the present. No Saigon politician—not even the anti-Communist opponents of Thieu's government—wants to go back to the bad old days of revolving governments.

Prognosis of Progress

Beyond Thieu and his government, the situation depends on other factors: the military performance by both the U.S. and the South Vietnamese army, the pace of pacification, the strength and morale of the enemy. "Progress" in Viet Nam is a relative and fragile thing at best. But within limits, a prognosis of progress seems more valid than at any time since the U.S. arrived.

The history of the war is all too painfully graven in false optimism. Again and again, U.S. hopes have been raised by officials armed with gleaming statistics and Pollyanna rhetoric. First the U.S. "turned the corner" in Viet Nam; then there was "light at the end of the tunnel," "the enemy was on the run," and the attrition rates, the kill ratios, and all the other jargon of victory rolled on and on. Since they have been proved wrong so often in the past, U.S. experts are careful not to parade their latest positive assessments; indeed, they almost tend to conceal them. But those currently in charge of the war in the field are convinced that "the curve is up" at last.

For each good sign, there can still be found another, less hopeful indicator. The imponderables that have always bedeviled the U.S. in Viet Nam are still imponderables. As a result, every assessment of the war is self-contradictory. Still, after more than seven years of coping with Communist guerrillas, with the Oriental maze of Saigon politics, and with an endless pacification effort, the U.S. has finally reached at least some firm ground. That is not to say that the war is about to be won. No one, in fact, even talks about "winning" any longer. "Winning," of course, has always had a special meaning in Viet Nam: not outright conquest of North Viet Nam, but merely wearing the Communist armies down until they could no longer wage any effective resistance. From its top commanders on down, the U.S. is firmly convinced that even this kind of military victory—given the current level of U.S. troop investment and any reasonable time limit—is unattainable. But things are perhaps going somewhat better for the allied cause than ever before—or than most outsiders realize.

Progress on the battlefield can be

properly understood only in the context of last year's *Tet* offensive, when the Communists unleashed some 200,000 assault troops against major cities and towns across South Viet Nam. Like most periods of genuine trauma, *Tet* produced effects that lasted long after the healing process had begun. Within two months, Lyndon Johnson ordered a partial bombing halt, opened the way to peace talks and promised not to campaign for his own re-election. Shortly thereafter, he appointed General Creighton Abrams the new commander in chief in Viet Nam and began to give top priority to making the ARVN an armed force of self-sufficiency. The U.S. was clearly looking harder than ever before for an honorable end to the war, and Saigon finally realized, as Ellsworth Bunker puts it, "that the American commitment was not open-ended." The galvanism of *Tet*, in short, was to destroy many U.S. illusions, put limits on the U.S. commitment, and necessarily hasten South Viet Nam's plans for going on its own.

For the Communists, *Tet* had proved expensive. During a few weeks of heavy fighting, they lost some 36,000 troops killed—about one-sixth of their entire forces. But they had also won a clear-cut psychological victory, demonstrating their ability to attack almost anywhere in Viet Nam at will and shattering all the optimistic assessments of war in the minds of the U.S. public. Moved by both pain and pride, Communist leaders had to decide whether to follow up the strike or retrench. They chose to remain on the offensive—at first in a continued effort to take the beleaguered Marine outpost at Khe Sanh, and later in two further general offensives against towns and cities. Beginning in September, Communist troops retreated in large numbers to their sanctuaries deep in jungle areas. Their motivation is still a matter of some guesswork. September and October were a period of intense behind-the-scenes negotiations leading to the full bombing halt "agreement" of October 31, and the Communists may have withdrawn as their concession in the Paris bargaining.

Abrams' New Tactics

Whether or not such a political factor was involved, the troops obviously needed to rest, regroup and refit. South Vietnamese recruits were getting harder to find, forcing the Communists to fill Viet Cong units with up to 80% North Vietnamese soldiers. Buried supplies needed replenishing. Since at least some of this overhauling process was going on, General Abrams scoffed at the "lull" that settled over Viet Nam for the last part of the year. "It is a period of feverish activity on the enemy's part," he said. "So it's got to be a period of feverish activity for us." It was—and critics of U.S. toughness now argue that

G.I.s AT MICHELIN PLANTATION
Vital to the mix is mobility



the decision to continue to push hard on the ground during the Communist stand-down invited retaliation, which finally came in the current Communist offensive.

Under the direction of Abrams, the U.S. has evolved a potent mix of tactics for keeping Communist troops consistently off balance. The most vital ingredient in the mix is maneuverability—specifically the knack of dividing or multiplying with nearly the same speed as guerrilla troops. "We work in small patrols because that's how the enemy moves—in groups of four and five," says Abrams. "When he fights in squad size, we now fight in squad size. When he cuts to half squad, so do we." Since the Communists have always been able to dart in and out of privileged sanctuaries in North Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos, mobility has been a prime objective of every U.S. commander. But between the vast, multi-division-sized "search-and-destroy" missions of General William Westmoreland and the sting-ray "spoiler" raids that Abrams has specialized in, there is all the difference of a zone defense and a full-court press. Abrams, a tank man with a deserved reputation as a "fighting general," is obviously willing to wage war man for man, if necessary.

As a result, U.S. fighting men are more active than ever in Viet Nam. In northernmost I Corps, men of the 101st Airborne Division constantly patrol infiltration routes to Hue, cleaning out caches of food and arms and pushing Communist base camps, mile by mile, out of easy striking distance. To screen the vital western route that leads to the capital from Laos and Cambodia, Abrams moved the 1st Air Cavalry Division (Airmobile) out of the north and into III Corps. From 40 semipermanent base camps—called landing zones—the reinforced division has placed a Com-

munist-infested border area the size of New Jersey under overlapping artillery range, and prowls through it relentlessly in small groups. In the Delta, long a Communist stronghold, the 9th Infantry brigade has developed a whole repertory of "night-raider" tactics utilizing everything from giant spotlights to tree-borne sniper teams.

Followed individually, few of these actions produce any spectacular battles. But they are calculated to cripple the Communist fighting man's whole style. They strike at his political base in the countryside (the "infrastructure"), his staging bases, his buried supplies. In hundreds of patrol actions, for instance, the allies last year unearthed 2,270 tons of Communist ammunition—more than three times the total for the previous year. Abrams' dragnet tactics are partly responsible for this, as is a bounty of up to \$10,000, paid to any Vietnamese who pinpoints a cache for the allies.

A Sobering Crow

For their part, Viet Cong and North Vietnamese Communist troops were still confident of their ability to strike. While Viet Nam five weeks ago uneasily celebrated Tet, the main holiday of the year, Communist troops filtered stealthily out of their sanctuaries toward major targets throughout the country. When the Buddhist Year of the Rooster was still only six days old, they were ready to sound their own sobering crow: a coordinated offensive against practically every population and military center in South Viet Nam. Significantly, they chose to attack most often with long-range firepower, indicating that their numbers did not permit direct assault, and nearly all the major attacks were aimed at U.S. bases and outposts. Still, in the nationwide scope of the offensive and in the casualties they have

been able to inflict on U.S. troops (1,140 dead after three weeks), the Communists proved that they can still threaten nearly any point in the country.

Moreover, in zones of traditionally heavy infiltration, they presented convincing evidence that they were indeed attempting to move in large ground forces—though they still did not commit all of some 22 regiments pulled out of northernmost I Corps last fall (see map, p. 27). To counter that most alarming of threats, the allies last week mounted two large-scale counteroffensives, virtually the first of such major sweeps of the Abrams era. West of Saigon, some 10,000 troops from three U.S. divisions, using tanks and armored vehicles, swept through sections of the huge, French-owned Michelin rubber plantation in an effort to rout some 7,500 Communist soldiers. Only 40 miles from the capital, the overgrown, colonial-era plantation was being used as a staging ground for what the allies feared would be an assault on Saigon. In I Corps, the 3rd Marine Division completed their eight-week-old sweep through the A Shau Valley, long a Communist-infested staging shelter. From the forested slopes of this valley pour a steady stream of Communist troops bound either for the imperial capital of Hue or for Danang, the nation's second largest city, whose outskirts were penetrated during the current offensive and which has been shelled repeatedly. Despite some damage and the sharp increase in U.S. casualty figures, however, the 1969 offensive has so far not disrupted South Viet Nam



ARVN TROOPS IN TRAINING

Final realization that the U.S. commitment is not open-ended.



ABRAMS IN SAIGON



"The woman is neither sufficiently sensible nor sufficiently responsible to vote. Of politics and issues, she is, by nature, ignorant. Give a woman the right to vote and, by heavens, next thing you know, she'll want to smoke like a man." —*Walter D. Nolan*

By heavens, Nolan was right. First, you got the vote,
and now you've got a cigarette all your own.



You've come
a long way, baby.

Virginia Slims.

Slimmer cigarettes—*the* cigarettes men smoke. They're tailored just to fit your times, your life, your taste. And flavored with the beautiful Virginia Slims taste. Like Extra Long, Lights and more. Regular and Lights.





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And if your problem is one that she can't solve herself, she can probably recommend you to someone who can.

You see, at Hertz we simply feel that looking the part is no substitute for knowing the part.

**The biggest should do more.
It's only right.**





ORANGE DAIQUIRI

-how to make it

An inspired mixologist at Fort Lauderdale's Mai-Kai restaurant created this cocktail to toast the winner of the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park. It is often called the Derby Daiquiri.

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lime juice and 1 tsp. sugar (or use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix); 1 oz. orange juice; $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum; 1 cup crushed ice. Mix 10 to 20 seconds in Waring Blendor. Serve unstrained.

PUERTO RICAN RUM is
light and dry and outsells all others 3 to 1



THIEU & WIFE AT PRESIDENTIAL PALACE
Boy Scout mien but first-rate mind.

as a country—thanks largely, no doubt, to Abrams' interdiction tactics.

As with the *Tet* attack of 1968, the current Communist offensive has served to underscore the urgency of building a strong government in Saigon. There is almost no way for the U.S. to disengage completely from the war until it can be turned over to a durable South Vietnamese government commanding trained and equipped troops, able to handle the indigenous Viet Cong who remain after all the North Vietnamese soldiers return home.

The Best Are Few

Just how good is the army of South Viet Nam (ARVN) at present? It is in slightly better shape than it was a year ago. With its training program under the direct supervision of U.S. military experts, the necessary skills and equipment are becoming available. Nearly all 821,000 South Vietnamese in uniform have received some training in counterinsurgency warfare, and the entire regular army has been equipped with M-16 rifles. The latter step was particularly important, since the World War II-vintage M-1 rifles that had been in use literally kept the army off balance: the joke was half true that the kick of the heavy rifles threw many of the small South Vietnamese two paces back for every shot they fired. Know-how and firepower, however, cannot replace spirit. The best ARVN units certainly do not lack spirit—but the best are relatively few. ARVN's desertion is down, but each month, some 13,000 South Vietnamese still go over the hill. Not all are AWOL by U.S. standards, however; often they merely go home to re-enlist in units stationed nearer their families. The unreadiness of ARVN was, of course, the ostensible reason proffered by Secretary Laird for retreating, publicly at least, on any U.S. troop withdrawals this year.

He had, unfortunately, some reason

for taking that position. Thieu has managed to make the selection and promotion of ARVN officers considerably more democratic than it had been in the past, and a select group of colonels attending the first classes in Saigon's plush new National Defense College has begun to explore highly sophisticated defense scenarios. But many of the training programs take so long to complete that they have still not affected the army's real performance. Pilot training, for example, takes fully two years, half of it English-language instruction. Men in the ranks are woefully underpaid (a private's salary: \$25 a month) and must serve for the duration rather than any specific term. When U.S. advisers set about beefing up the South Vietnamese military, they were confident that the result would be substantial increases in ARVN battle contacts with the Communists—meaning that the South Vietnamese would seek out and fight the Communists more aggressively. Some of this has occurred, but only in roughly the same proportion as simple manpower expansion.

Ultimately, the ARVN's performance and that of the government are inseparable. The government rules the country (as best it can) largely through the army; the army in turn depends on the morale and confidence the government can create among the people. The ARVN, like the U.S., must look for leadership

to the short (5 ft. 5 in.), graying former career general who has been fighting the Communists since he joined the French army in 1947. President Nguyen Van Thieu's generally unspectacular rise through the military ranks—as well as an equally pedestrian campaign for the presidency—has left many in doubt of Thieu's skill and style as a politician.

Thieu the Politician

Yet behind what one ambassador to Saigon calls his "Boy Scout" mien lurks a first-rate political mind. For one thing, Thieu is the only general among those who helped to oust the Diem regime to have survived in power. No less an accomplishment was his success in drafting the dashing Nguyen Cao Ky as his running mate, and then skillfully outflanking Ky's bid for power after the election. Thieu has also enlisted the services of another rival, Moderate Presidential Candidate Tran Van Huong, as Premier. In all this, Thieu has emerged as a politician with a certain amount of Oriental style. "Those around him say he is extremely crafty, which in Saigon is a high form of praise," says one observer. "He remains very still in the midst of a situation, and he allows it to develop until it suits him to act."

In the business of running the government, Thieu has also had to start with the most basic object—survival. Among the top aims of the 1968 *Tet* of-

"It Depends on the Communists"

IN an interview with TIME Correspondent Marsh Clark, President Thieu last week discussed conditions for scaling down the war and his hopes of winning the political struggle:

What do you think the enemy is up to? What is their strategy now?

They still believe that they have to try to achieve military victory to have a strong bargaining position. Secondly, they would like to create a deadlock at the Paris talks and to play on the impatience of the American people. With a deadlock, they believe they can obtain concessions.

Do you feel confident that upon a cease-fire you will prevail in the political struggle that will follow?

I understand that the Communists will try to be active in Vietnamese society. But it will be very difficult for the Communists to convince the people of South Viet Nam to be for them, to adopt their attitudes.

The armed forces of South Viet Nam have improved, and you have stated that they are going to be able to assume some of the roles now discharged by American forces. Also, you've answered "yes" when asked if you envision a phase-out of American troops.

We have a plan for that, but I cannot give you a timetable. It depends on how the Communists act, whether they are ready to de-escalate the war, or step up their infiltration and escalate the war. There will be no unilateral withdrawal of U.S. forces from Viet Nam.

Do you see a start of the phase-out this year?

Yes, if there is a de-escalation of the war by the Communists. We now have the capacity to replace some American combat units, but we must attach conditions. The Communists must show the will to de-escalate the war and to engage in substantive talks. We should not let the Communists take our actions as a sign of weakness or abandonment by the Americans.

What are your internal objectives for your country?

In addition to rural development and pacification, I will pay particular attention this year to the matter of land reform—and in a revolutionary manner. If the government works for a better life for the people, they are ready to cooperate. The population likes progress. I do not think that the population believes that the Communists can do the same thing for them. That is our ideal.

ensive, after all, was the overthrow of the U.S. "puppet" government in Saigon. The Communists made no headway whatever in provoking civil disorder, and that aim was notably absent in the current offensive. But because of the presumed vulnerability, Thieu has spent more than a little effort in simply assuring the nation that he is alive and well in Saigon.

Moreover, the national government that Thieu inherited after his election was anything but national, and hardly a government at all. National politics has traditionally begun and ended within the confines of Saigon, showing little concern with roots in the countryside. Ministers and military administrators tended to run their departments in the same way—and were certainly not encouraged to venture far from home during the blurry succession of military-backed strongmen who held power before Thieu. As a result, there was simply no chain of command that Thieu could rely on. Instead, he found a government of intensely jealous fiefdoms, whose bosses would pass on orders only if they suited their purpose.

Almost his first move as President was to establish an agency with the somewhat pompous name of "the Office of Experts." It consisted of a group of highly trained technocrats (average age: 34)

assigned to find ways of breathing efficiency into the government. Despite considerable effort, they have not succeeded in getting rid of the mountainous red tape that hampers government administration. Moreover, one of the root problems in South Viet Nam's government—corruption—is so pervasive that neither stern warnings nor the outright firing of half the 44 province chiefs and 91 district chiefs has made more than a dent, though the new men are generally admitted to be improvements. But to the extent that Thieu can finally expect his most urgent orders to be followed, he has managed to organize a functioning government. Says Tran Quoc Buu, head of the Vietnamese Labor Confederation: "A year ago, South Viet Nam was many states within the state. A local military commander could make any policy he wanted to. But that has changed—there has been an improvement in the national discipline."

In Need of Unity

Above all, Thieu's government has begun to develop a sense of realism about the future. His concern with pacification, superficial as the program is in some senses, represents an admission that hamlet dwellers are a source of political strength, and that their loyalty could turn the tide in the event of a cease-fire. Thieu often voices the standard South Vietnamese argument against giving the National Liberation Front a political status, pointing out that Communism is synonymous with violence in Viet Nam. In fact, however, he has reached the inevitable conclusion that his government must some day learn to deal with native Communists, whatever they are called, as a minority body politic. "I believe that if 15 million nationalists cannot handle a couple hundred thousand Communists, then there's something wrong," Thieu has said. "The time is coming when we can take more bacteria into our system."

Yet whether Thieu—or anyone else in authority—can possibly prepare for that time with appropriate urgency is another matter. Thieu has been able to take only elementary steps toward building a government that will soon be able to stand on its own. The President has proved overzealous, if anything, in silencing his critics. Last week the government ordered the closing of a newspaper that had objected to the prison sentence of a Buddhist monk, Thich Thien Minh. Perhaps his most signal failing has been an unwillingness to get out and organize a true national front. Nothing less than that is needed to implant real government roots throughout the countryside, and to bury Saigon's blithering proliferation of political parties (which currently number more than 80) forever. Far and away, South Viet Nam's most necessary future asset is national unity, for without that, in the final, acid test of political loyalties, all of Thieu's skill in management and streamlining will count for little.



VIET CONG PHOTO OF ATTACK
Moved by both

A good part of that skill has gone toward building up the program that is nearest to Thieu's heart: the vital pacification effort aimed at creating the sinews of nationhood among the peasants and hamlet dwellers of the countryside. Long known as "the other war," pacification is increasingly part of "the one war," as Abrams calls it. In the larger sense, nearly all allied military operations are now conducted in support of pacification—because the goal is partly military. The usual method, called a "cordon and search," is to widely encircle an unpacified village with U.S. troops, through which South Vietnamese soldiers, police and pacification teams pass to deal directly with the villagers. As the noose is gradually tightened, Viet Cong cadres are often flushed out and captured, thus depriving Communist troops of their indigenous source of aid and comfort.

In theory, of course, pacification is supposed to provide the poorest and least-educated segment of Vietnamese society with much more than just security against Communists. After the soldiers, medical teams and other forms of aid should follow. In practice, however, all too often the men who come to visit village elders are interested in picking up the local Viet Cong representative, running up the national flag—and little else. Those objectives, in fact, became absolutely paramount in the so-called Accelerated Pacification Campaign mounted last fall. The A.P.C. was, in effect, a candid race with time to throw federal control over 1,000 more hamlets before the Paris peace talks yielded a cease-fire. By its own standards, it was highly successful: the government claims that slightly more than 80% of the population now live in pacified areas of "relative security"—and "relative" can still mean a Viet Cong visit in the night. The actual total is prob-





IN QUANG TRI PROVINCE
pain and pride.

ably nearer to 60%. But progress was encouraging enough for Saigon to target a new and perhaps somewhat unrealistic figure by the end of this year: 90%.

The gains, in the words of U.S. Pacific Chief William E. Colby, are fragile. "But if you can keep the enemy out of most of the hamlets most of the time, it's wrong not to try," he maintains. Unfortunately, the priorities in doing so involve establishing strict security, recruiting for a local "popular force" militia and holding a village election—none of which is probably upmost in the minds of the uprooted, war-weary villagers. Critics point out that there has been no substantial reduction in assassinations, kidnappings and other terror tactics against villagers.

In Bed with the Chief

Beyond that, of course, are much larger questions about the difficulty of trying to engineer another country's security or national unity. One U.S. officer recently described his method of helping to pacify Vietnamese villages as one of "jumping into bed with the district chief"—which pretty well sums up how many Americans come on in the eyes of the peasants. Most of all, dissenters object to the warm breath of the U.S. "presence" in the program. "It is hard to give the illusion of sovereignty," says Rand Corporation Anthropologist Gerald Hickey, who has been in Viet Nam since 1956. "We continue with the naive notion that nation building is saturating the country with American advisers."

Whether that judgment is too harsh or not, the U.S.'s main business at this juncture must be to seek a settlement. There are essentially two approaches open to Nixon that could lead to a measurable disengagement from Viet Nam: a negotiated solution, or a seesaw of unilateral de-escalations, with each side pre-

sumably matching the other's withdrawals. The second possibility, involving the notion that the war will decline gradually by degrees of voluntary and informal pullout, is viewed by many U.S. experts as the most probable ending. Provided that the withdrawals were both steady and large enough, this solution would possibly satisfy the largest number of involved parties. For one thing, it would require each side to demonstrate its good faith in a succession of moves, rather than asking it to risk its position on a single bold stroke. For another, it would give U.S. fighting men time to initiate their ARVN replacements with firsthand experience—and keep providing, until the last phase, the most complicated kinds of battlefield assistance, especially air support.

The President's Detractors

Nixon seems reluctant so far to consider a unilateral U.S. scale-down, worrying those who fear that he may lose an opportunity for lowering the level of the killing by insisting on a formal tit-for-tat agreement with Hanoi. Such critics of Nixon's seeming tough stance tend to overlook the fact that the President, after all, has reacted quite mildly to the renewed offensive. Though they may include policymakers within Nixon's inner circle, the President's detractors come from the Johnson Administration, notably former Defense Secretary Clark W. Clifford and Ambassador Averell Harriman. They are believed to view the current Communist offensive as a direct and understandable, if not justified, response to the unanticipated allied military pressure during the September-to-January lull. They fault the U.S. for failing to match that lull in allied operations. More generally, they argue that, despite Nixon's refusal to resume bombing the North, the U.S. still maintains a relatively hard line in the conduct of the war, and that this is a mistake even as a stopgap. For all its risks, they feel, the unilateral withdrawal of some U.S. troops—or at the very least a stand-down in place in the fighting—is the nation's best hope for ending the war, because it would demonstrate good intentions on the U.S.'s part and at the same time turn the pressure of world opinion on Hanoi to do likewise. On the other hand, no one can be sure that Hanoi actually wants a quick peace—in which case the argument becomes pointless.

But disengagements could also come through secret, direct agreement in the Paris peace talks. The only conditions that the U.S. will absolutely insist on there are guarantees that North Vietnamese troops will depart at approximately the same rate as its own, and assurance that the present Saigon government has the facilities to maintain its own security. Hanoi has expressed willingness to negotiate on the first condition, but adamantly insists that the U.S. must reach a separate accord with the National Liberation Front on the second—the better to emphasize the Front's

legitimacy. At stake is the eventual future of a South Viet Nam without foreign troops—but faced with a sizable number of native Communist insurgents.

One possible solution would be for the Front to forswear violence in return for the privilege of forming a political party that would exert power in South Viet Nam like any other party, to the extent that it wins votes. This arrangement is now discussed as the "Greek solution," since the N.L.F., like the Greek Communist Party following the civil war in 1950, would have to change its name in order to comply with the South Vietnamese constitution. Thieu has spoken derisively of such a proposal, though he has not actually ruled it out. Indeed, there is little doubt that, in one form or another, he must some day accept its principal component: the participation of the N.L.F. in Saigon's political processes. Certainly his own outline for an end to the war—for Hanoi to "acknowledge its aggression against South Viet Nam and accept to end that aggression"—seems an unlikely outcome. The Communists have done too well in the war for that. On the other hand, neither side any longer takes



very seriously the idea of an outright coalition government: neither side wants it, and no one can imagine that it would survive longer than a few months.

Within both the unilateral and negotiated routes are hosts of tactical considerations. Probably the most important for Nixon is to decide which is the most conducive to fruitful negotiations: a policy of exerting continuing military pressure or one of inviting de-escalation by example. Despite the strong faith of some critics in the efficacy of voluntary de-escalation, the evidence that Hanoi was signaling tacit willingness to lower the level of fighting during the battlefield lull is still far from compelling. The Communists, after all, needed the rest just as urgently for military reasons—and may well have decided to stay in the jungle in order to prepare for another blow that would force Nixon's hand.

Since a big tactical factor in judging the advantages of de-escalation is the U.S. death toll, the Administration ordered a new study of casualty causes. The results have been inconclusive, but if anything, they suggested that most U.S. soldiers are wounded and killed during enemy-initiated actions—and not as a result of their own aggressiveness. Moreover, looking back to the experience of the Panmunjon negotiations in Korea—during which the U.S. command substantially reduced the scale of the war—officials stress that lowering the pressure did not result in an increase in the negotiating pace.

The Limits of Action

Whatever route the President elects, he will soon be confronted with revoking Laird's statement that 1969 is too early to contemplate any U.S. troop reductions. It should not be too difficult for Nixon to manage. By ordering the withdrawal of a relatively modest 15,000 combat troops plus their 25,000 support troops in the latter half of 1969, Nixon could manage to bring home 40,000 men. If nothing else, such a decision would at least buy him a concession from Hanoi (if the withdrawal were negotiated) and certainly, as the South Vietnamese watched the first layer of their U.S. insulation stripped away, a new sense of urgency on the part of Saigon.

Essentially, what is at issue in these debates is tactics, or the specific actions that will lead to the war's end. For all its mounting pressure and potential fury, the most striking thing about the present debate is the agreement by all participants that the war in Viet Nam must be brought to an end well short of any outright allied military victory. Beyond that, there is unanimous acceptance of the conclusion that the U.S. involvement in the war—sooner rather than later—must begin to dwindle. Though he can still choose his own methods, Nixon must operate inside those parameters, the limits defined by the American people in the tumultuous political year of 1968.

BRITAIN'S BAY OF PIGLETS

THE British press competed for the most apt description of Britain's latest show of power. Among the entries: "the Bay of Piglets," "the Paper Blitzkrieg" and "War in a Teacup." I SAY CHAPS, cried a banner headline in the London *Evening News*. THE NATIVES ARE FRIENDLY. In the Commons, a Tory rose and, with broad irony, asked Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs Secretary Michael Stewart: "Will the right honorable gentleman convey to the Prime Minister the congratulations of the House on at last taking on somebody of his own size?" Harold Wilson had not sent troops into Nigeria, or settled the Rhodesian problem by force, or even managed to dampen the nationalism of the Scots. Instead, to a cas-

to sort things out, but he did not succeed. A year later, the Anguillians ceremoniously ushered Lee off the island. Last February a second referendum approved a new constitution by a vote of 1,739 to 4, set up an independent republic, and designated 43-year-old Ronald Webster as Acting President.

A second British emissary, William Whitlock, arrived in early March, prepared to offer Webster's Anguillians precisely what they had desired in 1967. But it was two years too late: Anguilla was by now fully committed to self-government and independence from St. Kitts. Whitlock snubbed Webster, and within five hours the Crown's agent was unceremoniously expelled from the island. Gathering up the last tattered



ANGRY ANGUILLIANS JEER AT BRITISH TROOPER
Gathering up the last tattered remnants of colonial majesty.

cade of laughter around the world, he had dispatched the crack "Red Devils" of the 16th Parachute Brigade to subdue the rebellious Caribbean island of Anguilla, whose 35 sq. mi. and population of 6,080 make it one of the tiniest remnants of empire.

Unceremoniously Expelled. The absurdities began two years ago, when Britain decided to create five Associated States out of its smaller Caribbean islands in an attempt to aid their move toward self-rule. In Anguilla's case, planners forgot the traditional hostility between the natives of backward Anguilla and the people of St. Kitts, which was made the dominant partner in the Archipelago. The association lasted only three months, and in May 1967 the Anguillians expelled the 15-man St. Kitts-directed police force and demanded direct links with Britain. While London dithered, an Anguillian referendum, by a vote of 1,813 to 5, voted for independence. In January 1968, the British dispatched an official, Anthony Lee,

hems of colonial majesty, Britain ordered troops to Anguilla.

The British British. Anguilla was ready: a flotilla of lobster smacks, so one story went, would wake the island by blowing horns when a British ship appeared. A herd of goats was supposedly assigned to clog the airstrip, and there was desultory talk of using sharp rocks to block island beaches against infiltrators. Undaunted, the British mustered a force of about 300 men, including the Red Devils, a Royal Marine platoon and bobbies from Scotland Yard, to set up a pacification program. When the British surged ashore, automatic weapons at the ready, there were only a few children to meet them. Most Anguillians were just waking up. Not a shot was fired in anger.

Next day, as a bobby solemnly directed traffic at one of the few major crossroads, Anguillians stirred themselves into a public demonstration. Webster, mounted on a motor bike, brandished the orange, white and turquoise

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flag of the "republic," and some of his fellow islanders waved signs reading "Brutish British Go Home" as they marched past the red-roofed school where the occupiers had set up temporary headquarters.

Dubious Victory. All foreigners, including some Americans, were interrogated. Jack Holcomb, a 40-year-old Florida businessman suspected of having undue influence over Webster, was deported, vigorously protesting his innocence. The Rev. Freeman Goodge, pastor of the Anguilla Baptist Church, was questioned about alleged connections with the Mafia. His home was searched, he reported. "They went through the chicken coop, even searched my wife's underwear and went through a new Bible leaf by leaf."

By week's end London obviously had misgivings. The Defense Ministry, also

shipments to Gwona might attack Wilson during the visit, the 11,000-ton amphibious assault ship *Fearless* will drop anchor off Lagos with an extra platoon of marines aboard.

Offset the Russians. Wilson's purpose, according to government sources, is not to negotiate a truce between Nigeria and rebellious Biafrans. Rather, the Labor government, which has consistently supported Gwona and supplied arms to his troops, feels that it needs to restudy the Nigerian situation in view of growing attacks in Britain against the policy. By backing Gwona, the government had hoped to prevent further Balkanization of Africa and offset the influence of the Soviet Union, which is also arming Nigeria.

In spite of Britain's efforts, the Russian influence is increasing. The Soviets have broadened their technical as-

ment v. only 22% who approve. Most of the disapproval centers around domestic policies: 84% were unhappy over the rising cost of living. A strike by 38,500 workers against Ford Motor Co. was settled last week, but the 24-day work stoppage cost Britain \$60 million in exports. Wilson himself has called the union walkout irresponsible. He is furious because the loss will have to be recouped by tightening the budget or by further limiting imports.

For the Prime Minister, the darkening clouds of political discontent have a silver lining of sorts. More than half those questioned in the Gallup poll are ready to turn Labor out. At the same time, the survey showed that there is even less enthusiasm for Conservative Leader Ted Heath than for Harold Wilson. Until a better candidate turns up, being the lesser of two evils is politically advantageous, however uncomplimentary.

PEPPERS—THE GUARDIAN, LONDON



THE "GUARDIAN'S" VIEW OF WILSON'S TRIP

known as "the Minigon," said that some chutists would soon be replaced by about 100 engineer troops. In Anguilla, some 300 islanders staged a tumultuous demonstration at occupation headquarters, mauling British Commissioner Lee and all but taking over the offices. One woman reported that Lee bit her arm when she reached into his car. For Britain it was precisely the sort of dubious victory that accords with the reality of its reduced state in the world. It could also signal a new role for the British—as the world's Keystone cops.

BRITAIN

Loss of Touch?

While his invasion force was settling into Anguilla, Harold Wilson was packing his bags for a trip this week to Nigeria and talks about the Biafran war with Nigerian Leader Yakubu Gowon. The Prime Minister is not exactly traveling light—or alone. Against the chance that Africans infuriated by British arms

sistance and trade programs, have announced plans to erect a \$120 million steel mill and, if Gowon is agreeable, intend to expand their embassy staff and open consulates in other Nigerian towns to put them in closer contact with labor and student groups. Meanwhile, Nigeria's British backers have been acutely embarrassed by Nigerian air attacks on undefended Biafran towns and hospitals. Britons who have protested bombing of civilians in Viet Nam now find their own nation indirectly supporting similar action in Biafra. The uproar has touched off a parliamentary debate, and last week led the *Times* of London to complain that Britain's Nigerian policy is a failure. Between that and Anguilla, suggested the *Times*, "there is a serious loss of touch in the conduct of British foreign policy."

Better Harold than Ted. British domestic policy under Wilson is not proceeding much better. A Gallup poll released last week found that 59% of voters disapprove of Wilson's govern-

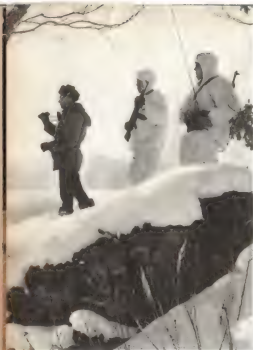
COMMUNISTS

A Sino-Soviet Shooting Script

The last hour before another chilly Siberian dawn has arrived, and the Soviet sentries on the snow-covered Ussuri River island of Damansky are nodding slightly. Suddenly, with a blare of bugles and raucous shouts of "Mao Tse-tung!" white-cloaked Chinese Communist troops hurl themselves across the ice toward the Russian positions. Mortars and heavy artillery pour flaming metal onto the defenders. The Russians fight back bravely, but they are quickly overwhelmed. Within an hour, the Chinese occupy the island they call Chen Pao.

From the permanent Soviet border post at Nizhne-Mikhailovka, four miles distant, word of the attack flashes to Far Eastern military headquarters at Khabarovsk and on to Moscow. Soviet casualties have been heavy, and hard-liners among the Kremlin leadership persuade other Politburo members that Mao must be crushed now, before China becomes a nuclear superpower. Fast-moving, heavily equipped Russian armored columns stab across the Amur and Ussuri rivers into Manchuria, brushing aside China's infantry. A Soviet armored division knives into Manchuria from the west, across the Mongolian border. Fleets of Ilyushin bombers pound Chinese airfields, troop concentrations and industrial centers across the entire northeast. China's outnumbered jets are swept from the skies, and within a week the major Manchurian cities of Shenyang and Harbin have fallen to the Soviet pincers. Linking up, the Russian columns race south toward Peking, then halt 50 miles away.

Radio Moscow beams an ultimatum: Either Mao and his clique step down, or Peking will be seized. To reinforce the warning, Soviet heavy bombers destroy China's nuclear-testing-and-development centers at Lop Nor and Lanzhou. Stubbornly, Mao decides to fight on. Peking falls, and to the west, Soviet divisions surge into Sinkiang, to be received without conspicuous resent-



SOVIET TROOPS ON CHINESE FRONTIER
But restraint could vanish so quickly.

ment by the tribal peoples of the area, long oppressed by the Chinese. The Russians move no farther south. Aware of Chinese skills at guerrilla warfare, Moscow orders that a new frontier be set up roughly along the 38th parallel. China is to be left to wither, stripped of its nuclear potential, shorn of its most important industrial complex, spiritually returned to the caves of Yenan.

It has not happened; it may never happen. But the two recent battles over Damansky Island have raised the specter of such an all-out war between the two giant Communist nations, and something like the above scenario must be haunting the generals in Moscow and Peking. Communist China's acting Chief of Mission in Geneva, Pi Hsien-Sheng, summed up China's view of Soviet policy last week by asking: "Yesterday Czechoslovakia, now Chen Pao. Who knows what country tomorrow?" For the moment, both countries have tightly controlled their responses to border clashes, and both have capitalized on the incidents. China is using the battles to spur national unity in preparation for the forthcoming ninth party congress. Russia is citing Maoist intransigence as a reason for wavering East European allies to rally to the Kremlin's side at the next world conference of Communist parties. Neither nation, however, has proved wholly predictable in the past, and the comparative restraint that both have displayed thus far could vanish quickly.

Steps Toward War. As Western analysts see it, several intermediate steps are possible well before the point of full-scale war. The present local clashes, for instance, might be expanded into sudden over-the-border raids aimed at small military or agricultural installations.

Guerrilla warfare might be instigated by one side or the other, particularly by the Russians, since the Uigurs and Kazakhs who live along China's side of the Sinking border have been susceptible to Soviet pressures in the past. Hit-and-run air strikes, first at minor targets, then at more vital areas, would prove less costly than ground incursions in terms of men and matériel. All-out air strikes, however, would almost certainly provoke a declaration of war.

The most recent border clash, on March 15, fell far short of being a decisive incident. Details being released gradually in Moscow, however, assert that the Chinese force involved was the equivalent of a regiment—about 3,000 men. It is in the Soviet interest to portray China's belligerence in lurid terms. Moscow's reports were strongly phrased and probably exaggerated. The Chinese employed their Korea-proven "human wave" attacks—and Moscow claims that Russian casualties were heavy, although exact totals have not been released so far. A Soviet counterattack, using armored cars, reportedly cleared the island. Soviet Colonel Demokrat V. Leonov was killed, and the scale of fighting indicates that both sides probably suffered substantially.

That Yellow Gang. Echoes of the clash reached Eastern Europe last week. In Budapest, at the first full-dress Warsaw Pact meeting since the invasion of Czechoslovakia, a high-powered Soviet delegation led by Premier Aleksei Kosygin and Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev pressed their allies to sign an already prepared document condemning the Chinese. Rumanian President Nicolae Ceausescu refused, standing his ground in the face of Brezhnev's charges that he was "taking the side of that yellow gang." The meeting's official session, in fact, lasted only two hours, the shortest on record. In the end, it produced only a declaration calling for a Europe-wide

consultative meeting on "questions of security and cooperation," hardly a new point. Clearly, the East Europeans felt that the trouble in Asia was a problem for Peking and Moscow to settle between themselves.

RUSSIA

New Man in Town

There, photographed in a sober row at the Budapest meeting of the Warsaw Pact members, were the familiar faces of Russia's leaders: Grechko, Kosygin, Brezhnev, Gromyko, Katushev, Katushev? Neither the face nor the name was familiar. Both are likely to become more so, however, as time goes on. Konstantin Katushev is Moscow's new man around town, and his swift ascent to power has surprised even Kremlinologists. A year ago, Katushev, a stern-visaged man with a barrel chest, was an insignificant regional party secretary, one of more than a hundred such factotums scattered throughout Russia. Today he is one of the ten members of the Secretariat of the Central Committee, the most powerful executive body in the U.S.S.R. "Katushev is the man to watch," says Columbia University Sovietologist Severyn Bialer. "His rise has been spectacular, unheard of. It is largely due to Brezhnev, who may be grooming him to replace Kosygin eventually."

Mysterious Circumstances. Katushev's career is exceptional in many ways. At 41, he is ten years younger than any other member of Russia's ruling oligarchy (whose average age is over 58). Moreover, he has never been a member of the Komsomol, the Communist youth organization to which most ambitious young Russians belong. He did not join the party until 1952, another unusual lapse for a young man who was already holding a responsible job. Katushev's career has been spent as an engineer and auto designer, and until



BREZHNEV & KATUSHEV IN BUDAPEST
A replacement for Kosygin?

INTERFOTO GET-BUDAPEST

The shutterbug's guide to Paris.

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Paradis pour les photographes

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forever. Panoramic shots are best done an hour before sunset. Try your hand at different angles of the tower itself.

Sacré Coeur. If you climb to the top of the dome you can get some wonderful pictures of 30 miles of surrounding countryside.

Musée Rodin. The statues of Balzac and the Thinker inspired Edward Steichen's photographs.

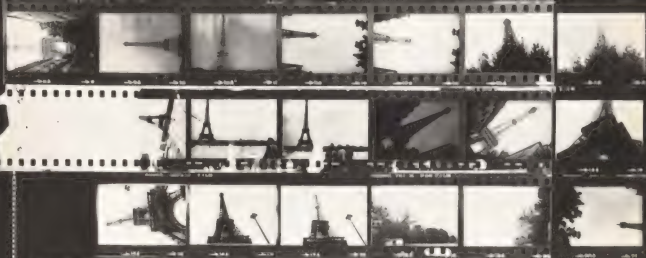
Arc de Triomphe. You can get some

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les U. S. Customs

If you're taking a camera that was made abroad, be sure to register it with the nearest U.S. Customs office or at the airport before you leave. If you don't, you may have to pay 15 to 30 per cent import duty when you try to bring it back.

les Douanes françaises

It's the custom of French customs to be particularly lenient with visitors. Especially visiting camera men. The following photographic concessions are allowed: two still cameras, one movie camera, a total

of 40 rolls or 12 plates of film (20 rolls of color film) for each still camera, a total of 40 rolls of film for each movie camera. Need a model? Beautiful mannequins can be obtained from **Agence Servane Régine** 129, rue de la Pompe. Want some celebrity shots? Just contact **Celebrity Service** 43, rue de Port Mahon. For any kind of help, information, or inspiration drop by the **Société Française de la Photographie** 9, rue Montalembert.

les Grands clichés

Paris has more beautiful photographic subjects than you can shake a light meter at. Try your own unique treatment of some of these famous landmarks: **Eiffel Tower.** On a clear day you can shoot

nighttime shots of the 12 avenues that radiate from the *Etoile* to form the star.

"J'ai cassé mon Brownie"

Don't despair if something goes wrong with your camera, Brownie or otherwise. You can have it repaired at any one of these: **Bischoff** 41, rue Pierre-Nicolas, **Chambrun** 16, rue J.-J. Rousseau, **Brouard** 3, rue Flatters. Or get a new one from **Vendôme Flash Studio** 43, Place Vendôme.

Vocabulaire

lens: un objectif
exposure meter: le posemètre
black and white film: la pellicule blanche et noire
color film: la pellicule en couleurs
of course: 2 put film in the camera
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AIR FRANCE
We know where you're going.

lately as party boss of an auto plant in his native Gorky (pop. 1,100,000), a provincial industrial city. Such a modest career scarcely points a man straight to the Kremlin.

The turning point for Katushev came in the mid-1960s, when he became a protégé of Brezhnev. Just how this happened is still a mystery in the West, since, as far as Kremlinologists are aware, the two men's careers never crossed. In 1965, Katushev became the party head of the Gorky region. Two-and-a-half years later, he was plucked out of Gorky, where he had spent his life, and set down in Moscow. Last April Katushev was given one of the party's most sensitive and difficult assignments: he was put in charge of Soviet relations with Communist countries. He is also one of the top organizers of the long delayed Moscow Communist sum-

mers and ambassadors from the East bloc. On the outcome of such meetings, and of the Communist summit, rests his future. If Katushev continues to operate at the pace he has set so far, his climb should be unstoppable. Even if the older men in the Kremlin can resolve the differences that have divided them, time is on the side of dynamic young technocrats like Katushev. Within a decade, they are bound to rule Russia.

PAKISTAN

Precarious Task

The peril implicit in a "guided democracy" is that the guide eventually has to depart. In the view of his critics, nothing has so become Pakistan President Mohammed Ayub Khan's autocratic leadership as his leaving of it. In so doing, Ayub has promised to restore

beheaded or burned at the stake. Five policemen were killed trying to stop the rampage. In Dacca itself, where four cinemas were sacked and burned, demonstrators and strikers brought the commercial life of the city to a halt. Conceding that "there is no respect for law and order in the country and mob rule is the order of the day," Home Minister A. R. Khan ordered two shiploads of troops to sail for Chittagong in order to help restore order in East Pakistan.

In West Pakistan, a wave of wildcat strikes continued to sweep the cities, as groups of workers, ranging from doctors to Karachi dockworkers, released the grievances pent up by a decade's prohibition of strikes; on one day last week, 2,500,000 employees walked off their jobs. Some invoked *gherao*, a tactic borrowed from India in which workers barricade employers in their offices until wage demands are met. Since the government had set the pace by awarding civil servants an \$80 million pay raise, it might be some time before the labor unrest could be quelled.

Too Idealistic. The turmoil stemmed in part from the plans that Ayub had made for handing over his power. To a gathering of the leaders of eight moderate opposition parties, he candidly admitted the failure of his "basic democracy," which gave the power to choose Pakistan's President and rubber-stamp National Assembly to 80,000 popularly elected village elders and landlords. "I tried to evolve a system that was too idealistic or too unrealistic," Ayub said of the arrangement, which was based on the fact that four-fifths of Pakistan's 125 million people are illiterate. Still, Ayub was now prepared to clear the way for a parliamentary system of the sort that governed Pakistan before his takeover in 1958. He urged his guests to put off their demands for other reforms until a new Parliament could be elected.

The scope of Ayub's concession delighted some of the opposition leaders, but it did not please the President's principal critic, ex-Foreign Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. He called for Ayub to resign in favor of a caretaker government, presumably to be headed by himself. Nor did Ayub's plan mollify two leading East Pakistan politicians, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman and Maulana Abdul Hamid Bhashani, the 83-year-old leader of the pro-China faction of the National Awami Party.

Playing on the longstanding resentment of East Pakistan's Bengalis over the economic and political dominance of West Pakistan, the two Easterners called for far more substantial autonomy for their region. They also wanted parliamentary representation by population (58% of the population of the dissected country live in the eastern sector) rather than by the 50-50 representational split that now prevails in the federal government. The fiery Bhashani warned that if the elections proceed before autonomy is granted, "we will set ablaze the polling booths."



AYUB CRITIC BHUTTO AT KARACHI DEMONSTRATION
East winds also fan the flames.

mit that the Russians are determined to hold in May or June.

Katushev in Motion. Katushev's international debut took place when he accompanied Brezhnev to Prague in January 1968, in a vain attempt to rescue the Stalinist regime of Antonin Novotny. Since then, he has been a frequent—and unwelcome—visitor to Czechoslovakia. At Cierna, where the Russians and Czechoslovaks fell out over Prague's liberal line, Czechoslovak National Assembly President Josef Smrkovsky reportedly observed that Katushev argued the Soviet case "with the toughness of two Molotovs put together." At year's end Katushev was in charge of the delegation from the Kremlin that made an inspection tour of post-invasion Czechoslovakia.

In recent weeks, Katushev has been visibly the busiest man in the capital. He shuttles back and forth to the airport to welcome visiting political lead-

ers and ambassadors from the East bloc. universal suffrage and return Pakistan to the parliamentary system in a general election to be held near the end of the year. After a decade of one-man rule, the soldierly Ayub has announced his "irrevocable decision" to step aside at that point, leaving to a discordant array of opposition politicians the task of healing Pakistan's divisions, inflamed by five months of anti-government disorders. Last week new rioting and outbreaks of mob rule in East Pakistan showed just how precarious the task may be.

Marauding Mobs. Parts of rural Pakistan were afire with a savagery unprecedented in the recent rioting. For the first time, large-scale disorders spread into the countryside north of Dacca, the eastern capital. Marauding mobs of villagers executed at least 60 of Ayub's "basic democrats" (electors) and "criminals" who had allegedly been favorites of the regime; the victims were drowned,



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PEOPLE

It was time to leave for the ball, and no matter how she tried, Monaco's Princess Grace could not get into the royal Rolls-Royce without destroying her 2-ft.-high headdress. What to do? His Highness Prince Rainier simply ordered a truck, the couple settled onto its carpeted floor, and they chugged off to a *Dîner de Têtes* at the newly decorated Salon des Amériques in the Monte Carlo Casino. Naturally, the Princess was the center of attention in the towering 12-lb. headdress, constructed of gold

and I am wondering if it is apt." Replied Bunker: "I had never noticed the watermark. If it has any appropriateness, I hope it means that our conquest will be in the realm of peace." (P.S. This time the stationery bore no watermark.)

As a model for "Manderley," the fantastic estate in *Rebecca*, Novelist Daphne du Maurier chose a place she had loved ever since she was a child. It was "Menabily"—a sprawling, gray stone mansion standing on some 400 acres on the coast of Cornwall. Miss du Maurier finally rented it in 1943, five years after writing *Rebecca*, and there she has lived among the rhododendrons and cherry trees. Unfortunately, the owner would never sell "Menabily" to the lady who immortalized it, and now, she says, "his second cousin wants to move in." So after 26 years, the novelist, who is now 61, faces the sad task of pulling up stakes. Says she: "It is rather like death to leave a place that has been home for me and my family for a quarter of a century."

The question before the ladies and gentlemen of the U.S. Capitol Historical Society was: Who should write the introduction for a proposed booklet on the nation's Capitol? No problem, reported the Society's historian, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., had already been approached and had accepted. No problem, indeed, snorted Melvin Payne, president of the National Geographic Society. "I think you could have made a much better choice with very little effort. I don't like it." But, countered one of his colleagues, Schlesinger is a noted historian and Pulitzer prizewinner aside from having been a special assistant to the late President Kennedy. So he's popular. So what. "Some people even say he's made a lot of money," snapped Payne. "So did Dillinger!"

"I tell those rookies, 'Watch out for strange love,'" the man informed a reporter on the baseball field. "Those gals—it's a mighty powerful lure when you're away from home—almost as strong as doughballs is to a carp. And I tell pitchers, 'Just watch the man's knees,' like a bullfighter watches the knees of a bull. He can tell what the bull's gonna do next." The tangled syntax sounded almost like Casey Stengel winding up for one of his all-out assaults on sportswriters. Not so. Old Case has some formidable competition these days from fabled Negro Pitcher Leroy ("Satchel") Paige, 60, or thereabouts, and still in the game with the Atlanta Braves. In fact, as he listened to himself, Satchel thought he saw a whole new career. "Man, maybe I'll take to the lecture trail. When you're 6 feet 3½ inches and only weigh 180, you got to eat all that chicken and mashed potatoes so you'll be big enough to lift that heavy baseball."

For part of its Distinguished Visitors Program, the University of Massachusetts students invited Senator Strom Thurmond to speak on any subject of his choosing. The idea, said the school, was to balance the great number of liberal speakers on the program and bring a "seldom-heard opinion" to the campus. As Thurmond stepped to the podium, seven students in white sheets and hoods moved up to encircle the rostrum. "Strom Thurmond loves burning yellow babies and starving black babies," read one of the signs they carried. A Thurmond comment on Viet Nam ("We'll have to fight elsewhere if we don't win here") brought forth chants



STROM THURMOND & HECKLERS
Hoods on the campus.

of "Kill! Kill!" When the Senator finished, he left amid a barrage of obscenities from black students.

Pretty soon they'll be calling him "Danny the Bourgeois." The word from Italy is that Danny ("the Red") Cohn-Bendit, 24, the fiery young radical who last year led fellow students into the streets of Paris, is prancing around Rome engaging in more conventional pastimes. Now he makes the nightclub scene with a dazzling French blonde in tow, is rumored to be spending his days scripting a film for Jean-Luc Godard and working on a second book to complement his recently published *Obsolète Communism*. It's all so middle-class that he was recently boycotted at Rome University, where students accused him of "being out of touch." As the independent daily *La Stampa* put it: The problems of the revolution seem to have passed into the background. He is more involved with business discussions."



PRINCE RAINIER & PRINCESS GRACE
Top of the Têtes.

wire with gilded latticework decorated with tinkling bells. "I feel like Radio Monte Carlo with all those antennas sticking out of my head," said she. As for his very serene highness, he wore an Oriental cap and a La Mancha mustache. "How do you find me?" he asked his "Princess at one point—to which Grace replied: "Slanted, my lord."

Not everybody bothers to examine the watermark on letters they receive. But Chelsea House's Dr. Fred Israel is the curious type, and this was a special letter—from U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam Ellsworth Bunker, who was writing on embassy stationery to order a copy of the 1897 Sears, Roebuck *Catalogue*. Israel held the paper up to the light and was startled to see a turreted fortress emblazoned with the word Conqueror. In a letter acknowledging the order, Dr. Israel added this P.S.: "I noticed the watermark on your stationery,

THE DANGER OF PLAYING AT REVOLUTION

UP against the wall!" The slogan, usually in combination with a few supplementary obscenities, has become the battle cry of the U.S. protest movement—or at least a sizable part of it. The words express a temper of growing violence, brutality and authoritarianism among protesters. Sometimes in the exultation of a demonstration, sometimes in recoil from police clubs, sometimes out of sheer gall, protesters cry out for "revolution" as the only solution to the nation's ills. Those who urge revolution and sanction violence remain a minority, but they are influential beyond their numbers on the campus, to a lesser extent in the ghetto, and in print.

The problem is not protest as such. In some ways, it can be considered encouraging that more and more young Americans refuse to accept any disparity between U.S. ideals and U.S. realities. There is something gallant about a generation that questions a doubtful war, racial injustice, poverty amid plenty and ecological destruction. But the danger is that the reckless invocations of revolution and violence will defeat the very reforms that the most thoughtful of the protesters desire.

To some extent, the tone has been set by the black radicals. Speaking for the Black Panthers, Stokely Carmichael announced: "We believe in violence. I am using all the money I can raise to buy arms. It is now necessary to attack police stations and kill policemen." Despite such outbursts, there are some signs that other black leaders are developing a greater sense of reality about what can be accomplished through violence of word or deed; certainly the ghetto riots have been cooled. But a sense of reality is distinctly missing in many of the student protesters, for whom hate-filled tirades have become commonplace. At a meeting of the Students for a Democratic Society in Princeton, N.J., a representative from Rutgers expressed the apocalyptic mood: "I'm a nihilist. I'm proud of it, proud of it! I want to—this god-dam country. Destroy it! No hope, not in 50 years. Tactics? It's too late. Let's break what we can. Make as many answer as we can. Tear them apart."

Assault on Liberalism

It may be only rhetoric, but such rhetoric can have corrosive and hypnotic powers of its own. At its core is not merely hate but a vision of power. During an antiwar demonstration in Washington, New Left Historian Staughton Lynd had an almost mystical vision of mob rule: "It seemed that the great mass of people would simply flow on through and over the marble building, that had some been shot or arrested, nothing could have stopped that crowd from taking possession of its Government. Perhaps next time we should keep going."

The continuing wave of campus disorders makes it clear that to the new extremists, the enemy is not the conservative or the reactionary but the liberal. John Bunzel, a liberal political scientist at San Francisco State College, has been repeatedly shouted down in class; his two cars have been smeared with paint and their tires slashed; a bomb was placed outside his office. An S.D.S. student told him why: "You are a perfect symbol. You are over 40, you are white, and you have a doctor of philosophy degree. You are visible, in that you speak your mind in public. You are committed to reason. Your arguments are always rational and organized, but most of all you are a liberal. You represent liberal values."

Destruction becomes an end in itself. At Roosevelt University in Chicago, some 150 protesters swarmed into the president's office, smashed newsmen's tape recorders, threatened secretaries. The reason? They wanted five students who had been suspended in a previous disturbance

to be reinstated. Damage has been done to people as well as property. In the act of setting a bomb in the Creative Arts Building at San Francisco State College this month, a 19-year-old student was blinded and maimed. A security guard at the same college is still hospitalized from an injury suffered in an earlier bomb blast. Ghetto and campus violence seemed to coalesce at the University of California in Los Angeles when two Black Panthers were shot to death by members of a rival group.

What makes all this especially disturbing is not, in the first instance, that protesters desire revolution. It is, rather, that they are naive about the nature and history of revolution, and what it takes to bring one about. It is obvious that any hope for revolution in the contemporary U.S. is absurd. Yet since some radicals talk and act as if revolution were possible, a few hints from history need to be considered.

For one thing, successful revolutions are typically linked to severe economic dislocations. Despite continuing ugly poverty, particularly among blacks, the American economy is so robust that talk of a revolution based on economic discontent verges on fantasy. Military disaster is another spur for revolution. If sufficiently prolonged, the Viet Nam war might make trouble for the democratic process; more than any other issue, it has already brought moderates to the side of the would-be revolutionaries. Yet no matter how bitter the physical or psychic wounds caused by Viet Nam, the war is still a long way from destroying the normal life or traditional institutions of the U.S.

Mystical Tactics

Revolution takes considerable organization—usually the establishment of almost competing administrative bodies, such as the Committees of Correspondence set up prior to the American Revolution or Lenin's Soviets. But the current revolutionaries disdain organization. Besides, it is difficult to see where their potential allies might come from. S.D.S. Secretary Carl Davidson speaks wistfully of organizing campus maintenance workers. The notion of sturdy, unionized elevator operators or "custodians" making common cause with the campus radicals is an almost touching illustration of the impracticality displayed by some S.D.S. leaders. Many radicals themselves would scorn such an alliance because they shun the blue-collar class as part of the corrupt Establishment.

Apart from workers, another potential group of allies might be the intellectuals. Revolutions are speeded by a mass defection of the intelligentsia from the established government. Long before the storming of the Bastille, most French intellectuals (with a few crusty exceptions like the Marquis de Sade) had become infatuated with the Enlightenment philosophy and were ready to redesign the world. Today, many of the younger instructors on American faculties have led, joined or succumbed to the radicals, but the older, traditionally liberal professors are increasingly alarmed by the New Left's contempt for democratic and academic freedoms.

The Establishment itself must be sharply divided if it is to be overthrown. The *ancien régime* was so riddled with nobles contemptuous of the monarchy that it quickly crumbled at the hands of its enemies. The U.S. Establishment is not only stable but flexible; it renews itself by welcoming qualified newcomers, despite ethnic or class origin. Most important, no revolution can succeed without the support of a part of the armed forces. Yet not a single element of the U.S. military seems even remotely inclined to side with the New Left revolution.

Why, then, do radicals persist in calling for an im-

possible revolution? Some, of course, refuse to concede that it is impossible, but many recognize the truth. Why, then, play at revolution? Some believe that their gestures add up to an effective tactic. By constantly denouncing and ridiculing an institution, says Carl Davidson, the rebel "desanctifies" it. "People will not move against institutions of power until the legitimizing authority has been stripped away." Another tactic is to incite repression—to invite police fury—and thereby shock the moderate majority. As Mary McCarthy put it: "If the opposition wants to make itself felt politically, it ought to be acting so as to provoke intolerance."

But such more or less Machiavellian hopes do not fully explain the behavior of people who almost yearn to get their heads cracked. The driving force may be emotional more than political. Says Psychoanalyst Bruno Bettelheim: "When they chant 'Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh,' they chant of strong fathers with strong convictions. They suggest a desperate need for control from outside." The generational revolt is not complete, The Yippies' Jerry Rubin complained in the *New York Review of Books* that "many activists have been forced to turn to their parents for help rather than to the movement which is to overthrow their parents' institutions."

Many of the rebels are acting out of a general sense of despair about America—and this despair deserves a



DISRUPTING ROTC RALLY AT UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT

measure of respect. But other aspiring Jacobins seem to regard the shouts and gestures of revolution merely as drugs for instant, mystical satisfaction. Perhaps the most striking feature of the movement is its vagueness. It is determinedly unprogrammatic, unhistorical. Its goals are undefined, and defiantly so. New Left Spokesman Carl Oglesby charts the radical's course in a recent article: "Perhaps he has no choice and he is pure fatality; perhaps there is no fatality and he is pure will. His self-estimate may be sophisticated and in error or primitive and correct. His position may be invincible, absurd, both, or neither. It does not matter. He is on the scene."

Many protesters who invoke revolution are really at one with the romantic anarchists of the 19th century. As such, they can only be regarded as amateurs by professional revolutionaries and historians. Marx, among others, was scathing about those who attempt revolution when conditions are not right for it.

Such harsh logic does not necessarily settle the matter. There can be something admirable and heroic in a revolutionary gesture even if it is totally futile and foredoomed. The revolutionary impulse, though it seems provoked by concrete ills, is often only part of a basic, existential rebellion that man sooner or later carries on against the limits of the human condition. In toiling for

a utopian future, the rebel is often seeking what life itself cannot supply. He welcomes the apocalypse rather than endure imperfection. He conducts what Albert Camus called "a limitless metaphysical crusade." But metaphysics should not be confused with politics.

To condemn the protesters' violent methods is not necessarily to condemn their aims, and certainly not other forms of protest. The U.S. has its share of injustice and rigid institutions that at times do seem beyond reach of normal, peaceful change. Pseudo-revolutionary activity sometimes does bring results. Often it has a shock value that awakens complacent citizens to their responsibilities. The very intensity of radical word and deed communicates a desperate message to less tormented souls. No doubt the uprising at Columbia University finally jolted the administration into an awareness of legitimate student grievances and may well result in a more responsive university. The ghetto riots prodded white businesses into recruiting in the slums.

Limit of Violence

Yet there is a limit beyond which such shocks fail to be useful and begin to have the opposite effect. Ghetto violence has stimulated fear and resentment in the white majority, whose representatives in Congress have stolidly resisted all calls for the dramatic federal programs that the ghettos so desperately need. The campus rioting may well produce a spate of repressive legislation. Apart from legislation, the riots are also producing an indignation that is in danger of being directed not only at the minority of extremists but at all campus reformers and at the "young" in general.

The fabric of society is not infinitely stretchable. Habits of violence can be established that undermine what men of good will are seeking. One deed of violence tends to trigger another. The ghetto riots produced a climate of backlash in which Martin Luther King lost his life. That assassination, in turn, precipitated another round of riots and black-militant demonstrations on campus. Now each clash between police and students gets worse. People can get used to violence, expect it and sometimes enjoy it.

At the heart of much current revolutionary uproar lies a disconcerting contempt for the individual freedoms that have been established in Western civilization over the centuries. This disdain is expressed most systematically by Philosopher Herbert Marcuse, who through an elaboration of the Hegelian dialectic has decided that civil liberties are the opposite of what they seem. That is, they are merely props for the administrative tyranny of present-day democracy, "an instrument for absolving servitude." In this view, civil liberties are mere playthings to gull people into thinking they are free. In Marcuse's utopia, on the other hand, civil liberties will be severely curtailed for those groups that he feels are destructive.

Once again, as Camus stated, some revolutionaries seem willing to "kill freedom in order to establish the reign of justice." Many liberals take a relatively benign view of this trend because it appears to be on the side of justice. Indeed, liberals have often failed to distinguish genuine social progress from authoritarianism masked as progress. Today, as much as ever, the liberal center has every reason to shun radicals who deny the democratic process and to work with radicals who respect it. Fortunately, the center may be awakening to that need, particularly on some troubled campuses, where a moderate coalition is slowly emerging. Such an alliance may not solve America's problems overnight, but it offers the best hope of stopping extremists from making the problems infinitely worse.

Revolution is a serious business, with a terrible but often heroic tradition, and it must be reserved for situations of extreme despair when no other recourse is possible. Playing at it when it is neither possible nor necessary only makes reform harder to achieve and gives revolution a bad name.

EDUCATION

STUDENTS

Armistice at S.F. State

The worst student disturbance in the recent history of U.S. education seemed to be nearing an end last week. After a violent, 134-day boycott of San Francisco State College, representatives of the Black Students Union and the Third World Liberation Front signed an armistice. It was partly inspired by declining support for their cause and secretly worked out during ten days of negotiation with a faculty committee appointed by the school's acting president, Dr. Samuel I. Hayakawa. Governor Ronald Reagan called it "a victory for the people of California," but that remains to be seen.

The dispute began over B.S.U. and T.W.L.F. demands for more black students and more black studies. On these points, the strikers could claim some success: under the terms of the agreement, San Francisco State will increase minority-group enrollment, but only "as far as resources permit," and establish a department of black studies, though it will not be an autonomous department as the strikers had originally demanded.

Still at issue, though, was a key demand for amnesty for 400-odd students. In a press conference, Hayakawa cautiously refrained from claiming victory, and promised to withhold decision on disciplinary penalties involving more than probation until after April 11. "This commitment," he explains, "is made in order to give the B.S.U.-T.W.L.F. the opportunity to demonstrate their leadership in establishing peaceful conditions on campus." Until then, a force of more than 150 riot-equipped San Francisco police will continue to patrol the troubled campus.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

A Fiscal Crisis

The Roman Catholic school system in the U.S. is in serious, even desperate financial trouble. In Milwaukee this month, the Catholic office of education announced that 18 schools in the ten-county archdiocese will close this year for lack of funds. In Detroit, eight schools have already announced closing, and 42 others have been told that they must decide between consolidation and shutting down. In Philadelphia, the Catholic school system has mounted a mammoth fund-raising drive to head off a possible \$10 million deficit next year. In at least half a dozen states, parochial-school lobbies are badgering their state legislatures for some kind of immediate help. It is needed: last year alone, 637 Catholic schools in the U.S. shut their doors, and the total will be higher in 1969.

Tax Burden. The fiscal bind is the same one that faces every school system in the nation, public or private: soaring costs of construction and plant maintenance, more expensive training aids and equipment, and a doubling of teachers' salaries during the past decade. But some of the bills piling up are the result of specifically Catholic problems. The rising cost of teachers, for example, is even worse for parochial schools because there are fewer members of religious orders available for teaching jobs. The reason is the sharp decrease in religious vocations, plus a diversification of some orders into other lines of work, like inner-city social action. A decade ago, there were three times as many nuns, priests and brothers teaching as there were lay instructors; now the numbers are just about equal.

Almost every parochial-school system has had to raise its tuition rates to the limit of parental tolerance, and even beyond. They are caught in a viciously accelerating cycle: as public-school taxes and parochial-school tuition go up, many parents decide that they cannot afford both. They simply transfer their children to the public school, increasing the tax burden as well as the cost per pupil for those remaining in the parochial schools. In addition, some parents switch to public schools because they are not happy with the uneven quality of parochial education.

If the schools are to survive, money must come from somewhere else—which means federal or state aid. Last year the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in *Board of Education v. Allen* that states could supply textbooks for purely secular subjects (science, mathematics, language) to nonpublic schools, and parochial-school educators hope that the decision eventually may be expanded to allow public aid to parochial-school students for other costs, such as faculty and plant, as well. This approach, based on the rationale of "child benefit," is now being considered by several states.

Faced with the possibility of overloading the public-school system should the parochial schools fail, Pennsylvania legislators last year invoked another principle that had already been ruled constitutional in other applications: "The commonwealth has the right to enter into contracts for the purchase of needed services" to solve public problems, even though the contract may be with a sectarian institution. Similar purchase-of-services bills are also being considered this year by the legislatures of Michigan, Ohio, Maryland and Illinois.

Uncertain Assistance. Passage of any of these support bills will be made possible largely by a dawning realization among non-Catholics that whatever else Catholic education may be, it is a bargain for society. Parochial schools keep the average per-pupil cost to an estimated national average of \$300—less than a half of the \$625 it costs to educate a child in public schools. It is no bargain for the taxpayer when a Catholic parent decides that he can no longer afford the \$100 or more in yearly tuition that a parochial school may cost. A Catholic-school official in New York estimated that transfers into public schools will add \$30 million to the state's education bill this year, perhaps \$50 million next year. If all nonpublic schools in Wisconsin were to close, the taxpayers' burden there would be increased by about \$230 million a year.

The uncertainty of government assistance has forced Catholic educators to consider new solutions, short of closing the schools down altogether. One method is to eliminate lower grades. Cincinnati's Archbishop Karl J. Alter pioneered large-scale grade elimination five years ago, when he cut out nearly all first-grade classes from archdiocesan schools. For smaller cities, where public schools have space and the laws



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allow it, "shared-time" programs may work. In at least 300 communities parochial-school children are allowed to attend public schools for classes in such secular subjects as language, mathematics and the physical sciences. St. Paul's High School, in Chicago, was even designed to be a shared-time school, and it regularly sends students to the nearby public high school for a number of secular courses.

Another approach is to consolidate existing schools. In San Francisco last year, four schools were restructured; three now teach the first six grades only, while the fourth has become a common seventh- and eighth-grade school fed by the others. Successfully mixed in the new junior high are twelve- and 13-year-olds from four disparate parishes: a black ghetto, a largely middle-class white neighborhood, a Mexican-American neighborhood and a Japanese community where the school enrolls many Buddhists. Similar consolidations have been suggested by a new archdiocesan-education board in Chicago, where ethnic parish lines sometimes place poorly utilized schools within a few blocks of each other.

Full Control. One of the underlying factors in the crisis is the fact that the parochial-school "system"—a name it hardly deserves—is basically atomistic. When the U.S. Catholic bishops, meeting at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884, decreed that parents had a duty to provide Catholic education for their children, they also decreed that it was the responsibility of each parish to provide an elementary school. Even now, parishes are most often on their own, and many pastors still guard their autonomy jealously. In a knowledgeable new book called *Catholic Education Faces Its Future* (Doubleday: \$5.95), Jesuit Educator Neil G. McCloskey argues that the only adequate answer is full diocesan control. The parish-run school, he states flatly, is an anachronism, and must become an area school, serving several parishes and guided in its curriculum and standards by diocesan planning and policy. Support, says McCloskey, ought to come from "a school tax levied on every adult member of the diocese," whether he is a parent or not—a principle the public schools adopted long ago.

McCloskey insists that a strong Catholic school system thus reorganized can continue to exist for years to come—where the communities want the schools enough to make the needed changes and a solid tradition of Catholic education still prevails. But "no single pattern" need be imposed. In other situations, says McCloskey, the shared-time system may be the answer, or such futuristic variations as the "educational park," where parochial and public schools share a joint facility but operate separately in their own spheres. For Catholic children in public schools, there could be an ecumenical, Christian educational center for religious training. If grades must be closed, McCloskey

urges that the first six years be abandoned first. Catholic education, he contends, could do its best job by concentrating on young people between the ages of twelve and 20. An improved and expanded junior-college system, he concludes, would more effectively enslave the religious maturation of students who now rarely get beyond a high school level of religion and would make far more sense than concentrating on the elementary grades.

COLLEGES

How to Be Interesting

APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION

NAME Roscoe Quickwit AGE 17
ACADEMIC RECORD A- average (one B- in astrobiology)
ACTIVITIES Captain football, baseball, archery teams;
president debating team; editor in chief of school
paper; lead in school play.
SUMMER Led ghetto group founding "Brown Dragons";
assistant organizer in mosque; streetjack painting;
TV broadcast antennas; travel in Southeast Asia.
INTERESTS Hereditary variations in spiders; general
semantics; playing the kithara; sports-car racing;
reading works of Tiselin.

Quickwit may be fictitious, but similar applications are flooding colleges across the country. The problem is how to cull the lucky few from the overqualified many. Forced to refine their criteria, admissions directors now seek "high-energy" students (basal metabolism readings may be next) and especially "interesting people." How to seem interesting is every applicant's new nightmare. As one New York headmaster recently told anxious parents: "The only solution is to make sure that your boy builds a submarine in the basement."

Hundreds of Quickwits are responding with a cynicism beyond their years. The game, of course, has rules. This year's rage is backyard rocket building, but only fools mention the rockets that blew up, assuming they ever got built. Another gaffe is to boast of having organized a local chapter of the International Flat Earth Society. Stanford rejected one such pre-Columbian after having second thoughts about his intellect. On the other hand, the Stanford authorities suggested the right tone to take when they beamed at a budding scholar who claimed that he had collected and counted 50,000 ants.

Searing the Streets. For some years colleges have regarded summer loafing as downright sinful. Now they tend to take a dim view of jobs like stacking canned hash in the local supermarket. To achieve that pervasive cliché, a "meaningful summer," the applicant must raise his sights—help an archaeologist dig up Mayan tombs, perhaps, or watch some surgeon transplant hearts.

Actually, the possibilities are endless. One girl applying to a West Coast college claimed a blue belt in Aikido. Equally imaginative bids for seeming extra-curricularly exotic have deluged the colleges with alleged harpsichord builders, guinea-pig breeders, inventors of electronic nutcrackers, boy falconers, girls with pet iguanas, adolescent TV producers and fund-raisers for Biafra. One boy wrote starkly, "I have seared the streets," a sign of the new fad for ghetto toil, which is edging out mental-hospital work as an earnest of social conscience. On the other hand, artistic achievement still earns points. To that

end, one Emory applicant used a particularly impressive approach: he sent an anthology of his poetry, urgently requesting its return because the only other copy was in the hands of a publisher. "I doubt that it was," says an Emory admissions man, "but it made a good story."

Premature Phonies. Some skeptics insist that the real lure for colleges is ethnic eccentricity. "This is the year for Chinese violinists," declares a jaded Harvard freshman, who just happens to be a Chinese violinist. "Next year it will be Jewish bagpipers." Others argue that the unbeatable applicant is a "Negro hockey player." Indeed, black has never been more beautiful. One Negro girl applying to Mills College simply stated: "I feel my becoming a Mills girl would greatly benefit the college." She got in.

In theory, the colleges are absolutely right to seek students with some consuming interest. But the search for the new I.Q. (interest quotient) is clearly turning too many adolescents into premature phonies. Senior Paul Taylor of Newton (Mass.) South High School has a point in wishing that colleges would simply choose qualified applicants by lottery. As it is, he says, "one is almost ashamed of getting into a good college" because of the salesmanship involved. Whether or not a lottery makes sense, there is a way to rise above the college race. For those with steady nerves, the solution is to do something spectacular—scale Mount McKinley in a wheelchair, perhaps—and then refuse to mention it to the colleges.

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our money and take our advice ever meet
in New York, it would sink.



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Chairman of the Board
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THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

Talk of the Town

We were more than mildly surprised the other day to discover that *The New Yorker* magazine had taken it upon itself to add a table of contents. In a world where change confronts one at every turn, we had always taken a certain satisfaction in the constancy of that publication. Wondering if a palace coup had taken place on Manhattan's West 43rd Street while our attention was directed elsewhere, we at once put in a call to the magazine's editor, William Shawn.

"Hello, New Yorker Magazine," a pleasant male voice informed us after a single ring. We asked for Mr. Shawn and immediately found ourselves talking with an equally pleasant lady. Though it was nearly noon, she explained that Mr. Shawn had yet to begin his working day but would return our call when he arrived. Sure enough, in less time than it takes to peruse "Talk of the Town," our phone rang and we found ourselves engaged with Mr. Shawn himself.

"Chiefly," he began in response to our question, "readers have been asking for it, requesting it, for a long time. Finally, there were so many asking for it, we decided we'd have it—for their convenience. Really, you know, it is helpful, particularly in looking something up in back issues. It will be very helpful to librarians and researchers."

We couldn't help inquiring whether resistance had been offered to the change. "Oh yes, there has been resistance. I felt a certain resistance myself. There are those of us who enjoyed

the idea of just coming upon something as we went through the magazine, coming upon something fresh without knowing it was going to be there. I also have the feeling there are some things that can't be expressed in an index—you just have to read them."

We had to admit to the logic of his reasoning. Yet there remained the unsettling feeling of a decision having been made in haste. Mr. Shawn was happy to dispel that illusion. "We've been considering it," he said, "to my knowledge, about 30 years."

NEWSPAPERS

How Now, Dow Jones?

In what U.S. newspaper could you have read that a Broadway producer plans to include onstage sexual intercourse in a coming play? That a recording of the national anthem played in Chicago Stadium was so bad that 5,700 basketball fans were unable to repress giggles? That some Saigon soothsayers claim that President Diem died because canal diggers had chopped off the head of a dragon guarding his father's grave? The unlikely answer, as many of its more than 1,000,000 readers could verify, is the *Wall Street Journal*. It included those tidbits in recent front-page "leaders," the long, unhurried, magazine-like stories that make the *Journal* one of the nation's best-written and most readable newspapers.

The lure of the leader has enabled the *Journal* to attract bright young journalists, who find themselves exploring such fascinating topics as the revolt of black college students, prison homosexuality, the frustrations of life in urban ghettos, and inadequate U.S. medical care. The reporter may spend weeks on these assignments, travel widely, and wind up with a front-page byline. He also knows—and enjoys the idea—that his pay and promotion will often depend on how he handles such stories.

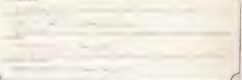
Lately, however, the bright young men have become very restless. At least 15 experienced reporters left the paper last year. The *Journal* pictured seven of its young reporters in a 1968 recruiting brochure aimed at college students: five of them have already quit the paper.

Boring Boards. The problem is that the *Journal* staff is suddenly being called upon to work harder at the paper's original reason for being: covering financial news. This may include intriguing stories about corporate competition and executive politics. More often, however, it involves checking out public relations handouts, tabulating financial statements and reporting boring board meetings. *Journal* reporters handle such items not

Staffers at work...



Awards



WALL STREET JOURNAL RECRUITING BROCHURE

Less of a lure to the leader.

only for the paper but also for its Dow Jones financial-news wire, which is facing serious competition for the first time. A similar wire opened last year by Reuters claims some 600 clients.

Journal reporters have always begrudged being yanked off an exciting leader to handle a routine business story, but they put up with it because *Journal* pay scales were the best in the newspaper field. But now other papers have caught up, and *Journal* reporters often feel inadequately compensated for the unusual demands of their work. "We are caught in the schizophrenic role of switching between the most dreary and the most fulfilling journalism in America," notes one *Journal* staffer.

Clenching Dimes. Some reporters—often the more experienced ones—are better able to cope with the situation than others. The day after Stanley Penn and Monroe Karmin won a Pulitzer prize for their 1966 investigative reports on gambling in the Bahamas (one of four won by the *Journal* in the past eight years), an editor sent Penn a note. It was not to congratulate him but to remind him to attend the annual meeting of a minor movie company. A colleague intercepted the note en route and appended the phrase, "*Sic transit gloria mundi*." But Penn accepted the dual role. "I may have to move from a big exciting story to an inconsequential one," he says, "but I do it. It's all part of the working day."

Much of the discontent focuses on servicing the financial-news wire, or "ticker." When there was no competition, *Journal* reporters handled it in odd mo-



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CONY

Glad for the yeast, at least.

ments. Now, complains Reporter Alan Adelson, "We cover those annual meetings with a dime clenched in our teeth, have to race out to the pay phone and report the latest corporate tidbit." If a reporter gets an exclusive, instead of saving it for the *Journal*, he has to put it on the wire; "then he sees it under some New York Times byline the next day," says the paper's New York bureau manager, Bill Clabby. "It hurts."

The *Journal*'s 13 U.S. bureaus also feel the pressure to push the wire. The Atlanta bureau solves the problem by assigning one of its three men to this chore each week on a rotating basis. Other bureau men contend that the only way to get their leaders done is in their own free time.

Despite the gripes, the *Journal* staff is hardly disaffected. Most reporters take great pride in the paper and seem appeased, but not really satisfied, by salary increases negotiated last week.* *Journal* editors seem unworried about the restive mood. "We're aware of these problems," says Executive Editor Warren Phillips. "But the dual requirements of the paper and the ticker have always been there, and a bit of hue and cry is all part of the game when a new contract is negotiated." Managing Editor Ed Cony finds a bright side to the restiveness. "I'm kind of glad we have a little yeast in the organization," he says. "Think what it'd be like if you had to run a bunch of accountants." They may not be accountants, but *Journal* staffers do know how to read financial statements. "Dow Jones makes a profit of 16% relative to sales," notes Stan Sesser, who quit and took a better-paying job with Associated Press. "Reporters should share in the bounty."

* Minimum pay for reporters will rise from \$142 a week to \$164, still far short of the New York Times's \$207.

All of these securities have been sold outside the United States
This announcement appears as a matter of record.

\$20,000,000

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MEDICINE

CARDIOLOGY

Onions Against Clots

"In France," a well-traveled patient told a doctor in Newcastle upon Tyne, "when a horse develops clots in its legs, it is treated with a diet of garlic and onions." The doctor was a Burma-born heart-disease researcher, I. Sudhakaran Menon, and the remark suggested to him a novel line of attack on the problem of clot formation in human blood vessels.

If a man eats a fat-loaded meal, the strength of the ant clotting factors in his blood decreases sharply within two or three hours, proportionately increasing the risk that clots may form and block veins in his legs (thrombophlebitis) or cause a heart attack by blocking coronary arteries. Was it possible, Menon wondered, that onions could cancel out this effect? Menon persuaded the cardiologists at Royal Victoria Infirmary in Newcastle to let him test the idea with 22 volunteer patients.

Fried or Boiled. Fourteen patients ate a breakfast containing 34 oz. of fat. One day, they got this unappetizing meal without onions, and their blood-horne protection against clotting promptly dropped. Another day, the breakfast was enhanced by the addition of 2 oz. of fried onions. And after that, despite the extra fat used in frying, their levels of ant clotting factors rose instead of falling. The other eight patients were tested with boiled onions, with much the same result.

Most of the drugs now used to guard against clot formation in blood vessels have to be injected, and their effect is short-lived. Some even produce allergic reactions. Menon notes in the *British*

Medical Journal, Just what it is in onions that exerts a protective effect is not known, but Menon hopes to find it by peeling off layer after layer of the many complex chemicals contained in the lachrymatory vegetable.

SURGERY

The Sliding Stomach

Until Pope Pius XII fell ill in 1954, few people had ever heard of hiatal hernia and fewer knew what it was, although surprisingly many must have suffered from it. Nowadays the diagnosis is being made with startling frequency—in 10% to 12% of all patients who have X rays of the upper digestive tract. But is the condition more common than formerly? Probably not, said Harvard's Dr. Herbert D. Adams at a regional meeting of the American College of Surgeons in Boston. The explanation, he suggested, is that the X rays are now being read with greater care and skill. And, he might have added, many more such X rays are being taken.

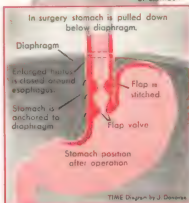
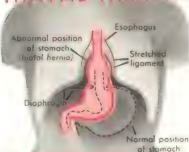
A hiatus is simply an opening, the word being derived appropriately from the Latin verb *hiare*, to yawn. The esophagus (gullet), which carries food from the mouth to the stomach, passes through a hiatus in the diaphragm, the muscular wall that divides the chest and abdominal cavities. A hernia is a rupture, or break, usually in a muscle, that permits an organ to protrude through it. A hiatal hernia is an enlarged opening at the point where the gullet goes through the diaphragm. A relatively small hernia will permit the lower part of the gullet to slide upward into the chest, while a larger one will let part of the stomach slide up (hence the synonym "sliding hernia" for a hiatal hernia). In such cases, some of the stomach's acid contents flow back up into the gullet, causing irritation and inflammation (esophagitis).

Question and Answer. As for an ulcer, the principal prescription is a bland diet, with antacids and possibly drugs to reduce the stomach's activity. One added feature: sleeping with the head of the bed elevated six to eight inches, to discourage backflow from stomach to gullet.

Some babies born with severe internal malformations have hernias that must be corrected surgically to save life. Surgery may also be required for adult victims of chest injuries in which the diaphragm is torn. The question before the surgeons in Boston was to decide when surgery is indicated for the vast majority of in-between patients whose hernias result from a slight innate weakness. The answer depends largely on how successful the surgery will be.

Early surgery for hernia consisted mainly of stitching the diaphragm to re-

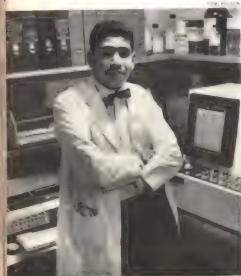
HIATAL HERNIA



store the hiatus to its natural, former size and putting the stomach back in place. This worked well for most patients, at least for a few months, but after that as many as 25% had a recurrence of their acid reflux. So they were back where they started with "heartburn," which became especially severe while they were lying down, and it was likely to wake them in the middle of the night. Then they spent sleepless hours, propped up in pain.

Correcting a Curve. In the last nine years, Dr. Lucius D. Hill of Seattle's Mason Clinic has succeeded in correcting reflux in all but three of a total of 254 patients, and in only one case was there a recurrence of the hernia sufficient to allow the stomach to slide up. Hill's technique, which is now being adopted by many other surgeons, involves a more elaborate procedure: stitching part of the stomach to form an internal flap that prevents reflux. Ligaments and other tissues are attached where the gullet joins the stomach, so that this junction is anchored permanently below the diaphragm.

Even with the improved technique and results, surgeons concede that operations for hiatal hernia should not be undertaken lightly. Of the patients whose X rays reveal the condition, said Dr. Adams, only about one-fourth need any treatment, medical or otherwise. Only about half of those need undergo surgery. For the rest, there are antacids, perhaps other drugs—and, of course, that infernal bland diet.



HEART RESEARCHER MENON
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SCIENCE

ANIMALS

Escape from Extinction

Winston E. Banko combines business with pleasure. Professionally, he is a biologist, stationed in Hawaii, bird watching for the U.S. Department of the Interior. It therefore gave him special pleasure when, while hacking his way through an island rain forest in search of rare biological specimens, he spotted a bird with a "yellow posterior and a peculiar, sickle-shaped bill." The bird was the Maui nukupuu (pronounced noo-koo-poo-oo), which had been considered extinct since 1896.

Because of Banko's discovery, the Maui nukupuu was removed from the Interior Department's roster of extinct

• **REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS.** American alligator, blunt-nosed leopard lizard, San Francisco garter snake, Puerto Rican boa, Santa Cruz long-toed salamander and Texas blind salamander, Houston and Inyo County toads.

• **FISH.** Shortnose sturgeon, longjaw cisco, Piute, greenback and Montana westslope cutthroat trout, Gila and Apache trout, the desert and Moapa dace, humpback chub, Colorado River squawfish, Cui-ui, Devils Hole, Comanche Springs and Owens River pupfish, Pahrump killifish, Gila top minnow, Maryland darter and blue pike.

As the "endangered" list grows year by year, many additions continue to come from animals heading toward extinction. Names that disappear from the

eras, 16-mm. Maurer movie cameras and roll after roll of color and black-and-white film the Apollo astronauts literally photographed everything within sight: Gumdrops, Spider, the third-stage S-4B rocket, themselves, and the curved expanse of earth below. During the somewhat more relaxed final half of their mission, they also tried out a variety of filters and specialized film to shoot infrared, green-light and other pictures that should teach scientists more about the earth and its resources.

Astronaut's-Eye View. Early in the mission, the astronauts trained a movie camera on the discarded third-stage S-4B rocket while it orbited near by and recorded the sudden and startling spurt of flame as its engine was fired to shove it out of the way and into a permanent orbit around the sun. In a sequence showing Spider moving slowly away from Gumdrops, Spider moved slowly away and then began a smooth and graceful demonstration of its maneuverability.

One of the most dramatic movie sequences was an astronaut's-eye view of re-entry, looking up through a window while the spacecraft plunged through the atmosphere, blunt end down. An orange-yellow glow filled the window as the heat shield became incandescent. Fiery chunks torn from the shield hurtled past the window. Shroud lines could be seen whipping in the wind, and viewers could almost feel the jerk as the orange-and-white main chutes opened, abruptly slowing the descent. The scene ended with the sky and clouds gyrating sickeningly, and the colorful chutes appearing and disappearing in the window as the descending Gumdrops swung back and forth.

Home Movie. Astronauts gain their photographic know-how during eight hours of intensive briefings and practice assignments with the cameras and film they are to use on their mission. Each is issued training cameras for more practice during off hours and asked to turn in exposed film so that experts can criticize their techniques. The Apollo 8 crew became skilled enough to make a home movie—complete with hand-lettered titles and credits that were held up in front of the camera—on their way to and from the moon. After thorough editing, NASA released only selected portions of that film.

Just as they were becoming attached to their cameras, the Apollo 9 astronauts were forced to sacrifice some of them for expediency. Because no provision had been made for safe storage of all of the cameras aboard Gumdrops during its re-entry, Astronauts McDivitt and Schweickart were ordered to leave a Hasselblad, a Maurer and their \$453,000 TV camera behind in Spider, which is still in space. The cameras will last as long as Spider continues in orbit. But about 19 years from now, as the strange craft re-enters the atmosphere, the cameras, along with Spider, will be burned to a crisp.



PUERTO RICAN BOA



HAWAIIAN NUKUPUU



GRIZZLY BEAR

Catalogue of the 20th century's assault.

animals and put on the official list of "Endangered Species of Native Fish and Wildlife." The rest of that list, as announced last week, amounts to a catalogue of the 20th century's assault on wilderness life in the U.S. Some of the animals named may eventually drop off the list and disappear forever. A few, like Banko's bird, are species that have reappeared from apparent oblivion. A sampling:

• **MAMMALS.** Indiana bat, Utah prairie dog, Delmarva Peninsula fox squirrel, Texas red wolf, black-footed ferret, Florida panther, Florida sea cow (manatee).
• **BIRDS.** Hawaiian dark-rumped petrel, California least tern, the Aleutian Canada and Tule white-fronted goose, Laysan and Mexican duck, California condor, Florida Everglade kite, Southern bald eagle, masked bobwhite, whooping crane, Yuma and light-footed clapper rails, Eskimo curlew, Puerto Rican parrot, American ivory-billed woodpecker and Northern and Southern red-cockaded woodpeckers, Laysan and Nihoa finches, Bachman's and Kirtland's warblers, dusky seaside and Cape Sable sparrows, and Hawaii's duck, goose, hawk, stilt, crow, gallinule and coot.

list are sometimes the names of species that have finally been killed off. Yet sometimes a name comes off the list because the animal is making a comeback. One example: the grizzly bear, once thought doomed, now boasts a stable U.S. population of about 800.

SPACE

Photography at New Heights

During his space walk on the fourth day of the Apollo 9 mission, Astronaut Russell Schweickart shot photos of Astronaut David Scott, who was standing in an open hatch of the command module (Gumdrops). Scott, at the same time, was taking pictures of Schweickart standing on the platform of the docked lunar module (Spider). Inside Gumdrops, Astronaut James McDivitt was busy photographing Schweickart. "Now we're all taking pictures of everybody taking pictures," Schweickart commented. The photographic frenzy continued unabated for the remainder of the mission. Thus last week the world was treated to pictures as varied and excellent as any ever brought back from earth orbit.

Using 70-mm. Hasselblad still cam-

REMARKABLE VIEWS FROM APOLLO 9



Flying upside down 145 miles above Africa, lunar module (Spider) presents a weird sight to Astronaut Scott, who shot this picture from the command module (Gumdrop). Probes extending from Spider's feet are sensors that will signal first contact with the lunar surface.



This head-on shot of Gumdrop, showing docking mechanism in nose, was taken from nearby Spider by Astronaut McDivitt. The projecting set of four dishes is a high-gain antenna for communicating with earth,



Healthy green foliage shows up as red patches in experimental infra-red picture shot from 150 miles above Baja California and Sonora, Mexico.



As the docked spacecraft pass over the Mississippi Valley, Scott stands in open hatch of Gumdrop with camera in hand.

THE THEATER

NEW PLAYS

Birth of a Jape

In a recent *New Yorker* cartoon, a scrofulous bum is shuffling past a Broadway theater at intermission time. With smug insouciance, he addresses a passing query to the patrons under the marquee: "How about it, folks? Getting your eleven dollars and ninety cents' worth?" Top ticket prices are \$15 for 1776, and to answer the bum's question, it is a bearable \$3 show.

For one-fifth of one's money's worth, one gets a stereotypical version of the key signers of the Declaration of Independence, together with the sometimes abrasive, sometimes soporific deliberations of the Second Continental Congress. History painted, as it were, by a sidewalk sketch artist, must rely on calcified profiles rather than searching character penetration. The Peter Stone book depends on the audience to expect the expected, and to bring along its own worn coloring crayons to the roles.

Moldy Chestnuts. What is expected of John Adams, intellectual Brahmin of Boston? Adams (William Daniels) must be thin lipped, disdainful, fanatical, puritanical, rapier tongued, and cordially disliked for rubbing his lazy-brained colleagues the wrong way with his indefatigable insistence on freedom. The audience may color him blueblood and relish his thwarted Harvardian desire to correct Jefferson's English from "inalienable" to "unalienable." And how is Ben Franklin (Howard Da Silva) portrayed? Foxy good sense, a plaguy gout, a dash of smarmy lechery and a few jokes about electricity—that is all one needs for Franklin. And that is precisely what one gets. As for Thomas Jefferson (Ken Howard), he pines for his bride. Only her presence permits him to wield the quill of independence. For Jefferson to submit to certain hoary new-fangled jokes may have seemed essential for a show as commerce oriented as 1776, but it is scarcely a necessity for the real Thomas Jefferson, a writer by gift and a patriot by vocation.

To believe for a single moment that one will be spared those moldy chestnuts that New York playwrights toss at Philadelphia is to guess wrong. Sample torpid humor: "At the stage when most men prosper, I live in Philadelphia on three dollars a day." The musical score might have led Van Gogh to dispose of his remaining ear, and a brigade of crippled pigeons could have performed better dance numbers. There is a degradation of intellect, taste and dignity about the entire musical. The men involved were the architects of a great republic, men of passion, probity and reason. Touched with some impalpable and mysterious inspiration, they proved to be the golden brood of 18th century Enlightenment. To the nation, which was a gleam of courage in their fertile imagination, they pledged



DA SILVA AS FRANKLIN
Sketches by a sidewalk artist.

their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. On Broadway, 1776 brings the heroic, tempestuous birth of a people and a polity down to a feeble vaudevillian jape.

OFF BROADWAY

The Execution Cure

Someone offstage is pronounced guilty of a series of unintelligible crimes, and in marches the prisoner, to be thrust into his cell by a buffalo of a turnkey with baggy pantaloons and clown make-up. Suddenly the two of them are waltzing around the cell together to appropriate music. The whole play is like that—sudden and senseless as a dream.

A bad dream it is, and not much of a play either, as adapted by Russell McGrath from a book that the great contemporary novelist, Vladimir Nabokov, wrote in the '30s, called *Invitation to a Beheading*. As this season's final production of Joseph Papp's Public Theater, it suffers from the dramatic deficiencies common to other people's dreams—the characters are unreal, the tension is nonexistent, and the humor is heavy. So, too, is the symbolism, for which Producer Papp seems to have a weakness, as in his last season's *Ergo and The Memorandum*.

The play takes place, according to the program, in "The Artist's Mind." What bugs this prisoner, unlike Kafka's "K" (see CINEMA), is not ignorance of his crime, but of how much time he has left to complete his creative projects. His jailers not only refuse to tell him, they make work impossible by badgering him with camaraderie and kindness—dropping in for chats, cleaning out his cell, entertaining him with inane games and tricks. Nothing these caricatures have to say is particularly tren-

chant or arresting. But the way they say it is an elegant example of inventive staging, costuming and ensemble playing under the direction of Gerald Freedman, which all but makes up for the script.

The acting is high-styled and full of flair. John Heffernan, as the prisoner, awaits his fate with a finely sustained projection of frustration and despair, and Joseph Bova is certainly the most jovially sadistic executioner a man could lose his head over.

Laughing in the Dark

Stop, You're Killing Me is an apt title for a bloodstained package of three one-act plays by James Leo Herlihy, presented by the Theater Company of Boston. The title's aptness lies not only in its suggestion of homicide, but humor—each of the three is laughing on the outside while dying on the inside.

The first is a monologue in which a funky voiced blonde bitch called Gloria (Sasha von Scherler), tells about the delicious party she just gave—serving up her guests in bite-sized morsels. People exist for Gloria to hold up and put down, and she delightedly pounces on a waifish little girl somebody brought, with so much hair, she explains, "it was impossible to see its face without trespassing." The fact that the waif died of drug withdrawal the next day is merely the perfect caper for Gloria's account of the evening.

Herlihy's second play has two characters, though one of them does not utter a word. She is Lonesome Sally (Rochelle Oliver), a hooker shackled up in a motel room with a black-clad psychopath (Larry Bryggman) who calls himself Terrible Jim Fitch and robs churches for a living. Lonesome Sally is in a state of shock; Terrible Jim has already cut up her face, and during his long rant of self-justification and jaunty mockery and bewildered rage it becomes clear that her revenge will be to maneuver him into murdering her. Unfortunately, the tension and terror of the situation are repeatedly canceled by Terrible Jim's wry wisecracks about his life and times as a "churchman."

Gory Camp. Humor is no detriment at all to the third and best play of the triad. An epicene author named Kayo Hathaway (William Young), sleek as a snake and wicked as a weasel, has made a million by turning out reams of gory camp about a Commie-hating little old lady in sneakers and her homicidal gorilla of a son. Granting an interview to a worshipful young fan (Matthew Cowles), Hathaway utters the pomposity: "You get what you give." And that becomes the text for a murder that is as amusing as it is satisfying.

Playwright Herlihy, whose imaginative, sharply etched novels *Midnight Cowboy* and *All Fall Down* have been made into films starring Dustin Hoffman and Warren Beatty, is a dark and savage satirist. The six-year-old Theater Company of Boston seems to know exactly what he is laughing about.

BEHAVIOR

CHILDREN

The Intelligent Infant

In its first two years, the human infant displays almost none of its potential. Besides being helpless, babies also seem singularly dumb, and consistently lose intelligence contests when pitted against chimpanzees of the same age. Nothing in the child's limited repertory of action suggests the truly incredible skills that time and experience will hone.

Nonetheless, Psychologist Jerome S. Bruner believes that they must be there, that the full splendor of intelligence is part of the human birthright. Everything the infant needs—to master a tongue, to coax new music from strings, to find undiscovered stars—is already embedded in his nervous system. To test this premise, Harvard's Center for Cognitive Studies has been conducting a series of unusual experiments on the human baby. The studies are based on Bruner's conviction that the infant is "a complicated programming system" and that a great deal of research on the child has presumed too much. In observing babies, Bruner tells his students, "assume that you are studying the great-chested jabberwocky and find out how he acts."

Precision Tool. Instead of zeroing in on the infant mind, which is almost impossible to test, Bruner has concentrated on the hand. This remarkable instrument, so ineffectual at birth, rapidly develops into a precision tool. By the fourth week, most babies will grasp anything their fingers touch. Bruner has devised a series of experiments calculated to throw light not on what the baby's hand can do, but on how the baby discovers the ability to do it.

In one such test, the young subject

is held in his mother's lap within reach of a puzzle box. Behind a sliding transparent panel, a toy is placed to snare the subject's attention. To collect this fascinating prize, the baby must hold the panel open while plundering the box of its contents. Bruner's youngest subjects—under one year—typically reach for the toy with one hand, encounter the transparent obstacle and bang on it or give up, either in slumber, indifference or tears. Older babies may manage to slide the panel up with one hand, then grope awkwardly into the interior and, despite the panel's resistance, occasionally grasp the reward. The most sophisticated infants use both hands, one to hold the panel open, the other to reach inside.

Faltering Language. As analyzed by Bruner, these somewhat predictable results yield some provocative insights into the nature of the intellect. No one teaches a baby the value of two-handedness. Yet at a certain stage in its development, the baby discovers this by itself. To Bruner, this is as if the knowledge were already there. In all of his experiments, he has repeatedly been struck by the same suspicion: that intention (the will to do something) precedes skill (the ability to do it).

This suspicion lies only a short distance from the conviction of some modern linguists that because man is the only animal that speaks, he must therefore be the only animal with an inherent capacity to do so. Like a bud, this marvelous ability lies fallow in the newborn, awaiting only the right influence to release it. To Bruner, the infant hand speaks a kind of faltering language at birth, and incrementally exhibits its innate competence—just as the neuromuscular system involved in

speech, by conquering its inexperience, ultimately produces syntax and fluency. Another experiment has helped persuade Bruner of certain parallels between the acquisition of muscular competence and of speech. An infant is given a cup of milk. It first draws the cup in at any angle and spills most of the contents. Quite abruptly, however, without trial and error, the problem is solved. In a sequence of jerky and separate movements, the baby brings the cup to its lips. With practice, the sequence smooths itself into a confident and continuous act. All that seems to be needed is a few months of maturity.

This is almost exactly the way man masters language: first by articulating the meaningful bits of sound that linguists call phonemes, next by linking these bits into words, and finally by making whole sentences. If this were the result of a learning process, argues Bruner, man's grasp would be forever limited by what he has learned to reach. Yet the fact is that the gift of language carries with it the capacity to braid words into sentences that have never been spoken before. Any normal child of two can do it.

Cognition Growth. Bruner's work with babies grew out of earlier studies with children between the ages of three and twelve. He was impressed by the competence of three-year-olds, decided to look at the earliest stages of intelligent being—"what was the nature of infancy, what could we say about how infancy prepares a child for this life and culture?" His experiments seem to challenge the prevailing psychological theories that say, in effect, that the baby climbs toward intellectual maturity from a very humble level, along a series of predetermined steps.

The implications of Bruner's experiments are far-reaching. If he is able to demonstrate the innate intelligence of the infant, it may remind educators of the root meaning of their profession, which is to educate, or lead out, rather than to impose learning. Bruner himself concedes that it is far too early for conclusions. His first tiny subjects, advertised for in the Harvard *Crimson*, arrived at the center only last spring. "It is astonishing how little we, in an advanced technological society, know about these matters," Bruner has said. He is even more astonished by how much there is to learn.

SEXUALITY

Anatomy Is Not Destiny

Sex, according to Freud, is a biological drive clamoring for gratification from the moment of birth. In normal human beings, its imperatives can be throttled by the rules of morality, but they can never really be denied. In the current issue of *Transaction* magazine, Sociologists William Simon, 38, and John Henry Gagnon, 37, argue heretically that Freud was mistaken: the sex drive is not strong but weak, and can be easily resisted. Moreover, sex forms

STEVE HANSEN



CHILD REACHING FOR TOY

FED POLONOWSKI



BRUNER & FRIEND

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no integral part of man's inherited endowment; sexual behavior is something he must learn.

Where Freud went wrong, the authors contend, was in interpreting the sexuality of children with grown-up eyes. "It is dangerous to assume," they write, "that because some childhood behavior appears sexual to adults, it must be sexual." Parents who catch a young child playing with his genital organs will instinctively define the act as masturbation; to the child, the experience may well be a nonsexual experience of bodily discovery. Nonetheless, the child is taught, directly or indirectly, that certain activities are sexual in nature as soon as he is considered mature enough to absorb the lesson.

The Beast Within. Gagnon and Simon argue that Freud's error has been compounded by a tendency to confuse the adult obsession with sex, which is powerful, and sex education, which is incessant, with the sex drive—which is scanty. "The whole imagery of sexuality as 'the beast within' was true because society defined it as true," says Simon.

In the authors' view, a much stronger case can be built on the premise that sexual expression is primarily a social phenomenon. Far from asserting a primordial urge, it varies from culture to culture and from individual to individual. In Polynesia, what the West calls foreplay is epilogue, not prologue, to coitus. Gagnon notes that for some writers—among them Lawrence, Hemingway and Mailer—sex is as much a political as a procreative process; Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* struck a calculated blow against the morality of the time. To prostitutes, it is only a livelihood, and frequently no more erotic than punching a clock. Some clerical celibates abstain for life without showing any adverse physical or psychological effects.

A Few Universals. Gagnon and Simon developed their Victorian-sounding conclusions amid the welter of sexual data still accumulating at the Kinsey Institute, where they worked together for three years. Gagnon is now with the sociology department at the Stony Brook, L.I., campus of the State University of New York; Simon is program director in sociology and anthropology at Chicago's Institute for Juvenile Research. Both writers found that Freud's views on sex are not only misbegotten but unrealistic and sadly out of date. One of the reasons that his theories still command popular respect "is that in a world fraught with instability and change, one wants to be able to hold onto a few universals. Freud tried to define an inner core of constants in man." Among them he placed the sex drive, and in a period of rapid change, it can be comforting to know that some things do not change at all. "But a man's anatomy doesn't become his destiny," Gagnon says. "Man is primarily a social being, unlike the animals, and his destiny is determined socially, not biologically or instinctually."

ORGANIZATIONS

A Glossary of Incompetence

It could be argued that the world does not need a new science, but Laurence J. Peter, a professor of education at the University of Southern California, has invented one. He calls it hierarchiology, or the study of hierarchies in modern organizations. According to a satiric new book called *The Peter Principle* (Morrow; \$4.95), which he wrote with the help of Canadian Freelancer Raymond Hull, the basic premise of hierarchiology is that "with few exceptions men bungle their affairs." The proof? Look at any large bureaucracy.

The "Peter Principle" states that "in a hierarchy, every employee tends to rise to his level of incompetence; the cream rises until it sours." People who

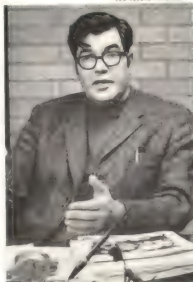
effit of justifying the executive who promoted the man to his level of incompetence in the first place. Both this principle and the lateral arabesque point up an inadequacy in C. Northcote Parkinson's well-known law. Work not only expands to fit the time allotted but, says Author Peter, "it can expand far beyond that."

Final Placement Syndrome is "what the ordinary sociologist calls 'success.'" Freud's theory that frustration arises from foibles such as penis envy, the Oedipus complex or the castration complex is nonsense, says Peter, who cheerfully regards Freud as a "satirist at heart." On the contrary, "frustration occurs as a result of promotion," because most people who are promoted genuinely wish to be productive.

A frequent symptom is *Abnormal Tabulology*, which is any unusual arrangement of the desk, such as *Phonophilia* (installing a panoply of telephones, push-buttons, flashing lights and loudspeakers) or *Papyrophobia* (the "clean desk" syndrome, indulged in because "every piece of paper is a reminder of the work the papyrophobe cannot do"). Other signs of the syndrome include *Cachinatory Inertia*, "the habit of telling jokes instead of getting on with business," as well as *Side-Issue Specialization*, a commonplace substitute for competence characterized by the motto: "Look after the molehills and the mountains will look after themselves."

Statismanship is the way to avoid the disastrous final promotion. It is a stratagem summed up by the classic injunction: "Cobble, stick to your last." Peter himself, author of two serious books on disturbed children, thinks that one way he has avoided rising to final placement himself is by turning down lucrative consulting offers. This is known as *Peter's Parry*, and he admits that if most people employed it they would be nagged to distraction by their wives. A more practical technique is *Creative Incompetence*, or "creating the impression that you have already reached your level of incompetence." Peter says that "for a clerical worker, leaving one's desk drawers open at the end of the working day will, in some hierarchies, have the desired effect." Other workers may have to shun the official coffee break or park in the boss's parking place occasionally. For women, "overly strong perfume works well in many cases." Should instant promotion threaten, more extreme action can be taken. Creating the impression of a sordid personal life is an excellent ploy. Arrange for a friend to telephone at the office, suggests Peter, and then within earshot of several co-workers cry out, "Don't tell my wife. If she finds out this will kill her." The hint of scandal ought to scotch any chance of promotion.

Peter ends his book with the hope that a philanthropist will soon endow a chair of hierarchiology at a major university. "I am ready for the post," he says, "having proven myself capable in my present endeavors."



HIERARCHIOLOGIST PETER

The cream rises until it sours.

show competence are promoted whether or not they are qualified to perform competently at the next level. Eventually they go beyond their limits, become incompetent, and stop getting promoted. Macbeth, a success as a military commander, rose to become an incompetent king. Which is to say, "nothing fails like success."

As Peter points out, hierarchies have several well-tested techniques to deal with men who have clearly been promoted beyond their level of competence. One method is:

The Lateral Arabesque, which is used by many managers in place of firing a misplaced employee. If an office supervisor fumbles frequently, he is made "coordinator of interdepartmental communications, supervising the filing of second copies of interoffice memos." This is similar to:

Perussive Sublimation, the pseudo-promotion commonly known as kicking a man upstairs. Because it appears to be yet another promotion for merit, perussive sublimation has the added ben-

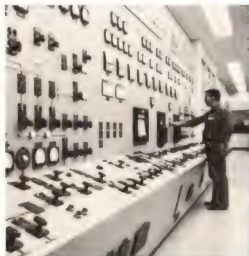
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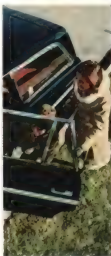
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MUSIC

SINGERS

Wonder Kind

RCA record executives tell the story with a straight face. It's last April, and one of their veeps comes in with demo tapes of an unknown girl singer, name of Roslyn Kind. Yawns all around. But then the voice comes on, strong and hard-edged, like all the Barbra Streisands in the world rolled up in one. Cynics straighten up in their chairs; jaded old ears listen for the flawed cadence, the flattened phrase that never comes. Another listen, then unanimity: Sign her up. Only then does the guy who brought the tapes spring his surprise.

BOB SHERMAN



KIND IN MIAMI BEACH

Obviously the man upstairs wants it.

In real life, Roz Kind is Barbra Streisand's kid sister.*

People in the record business actually talk that kind of stardust and get to believe it. Listen to Ted Brooks, once the live-wire manager of Barbra's music-publishing company, tell how he met Roz: "There was this sweet-faced kid who looked like a bouncing ball. I mean she weighed about 185 lbs. She was hanging around the stage door at *Funny Girl*. I asked her if she was a fan and she said, 'No, I'm Barbra's sister.' So I said, 'Why don't you go inside instead of waiting out here with this mob?' And she answered quietly, 'I wasn't invited, and I don't want to impose on Barbra.'

"I felt that this kid was hurting, so I took her across the street for a Coke. 'When you go home,' I said, 'read your little Bible and the Man Upstairs will help you. He'll take care of you and find a place for you. Your sis-

ter will come back to being your sister just as soon as she settles down after all this adulation.'"

Missed Lollipops. Even Roz, who at 18 is no phony, talks romance. "My sister left home when I was in third grade. Mother and I always came into New York on Saturdays to visit her, and we brought lots of food to stuff her refrigerator. Even when Barbra was in *Funny Girl* we used to bring in chicken soup and brownies to her dressing room. I guess what I missed most about Barbra's not being home was the trips we used to take to the beach and the lollipops she always gave me when I stopped in to see her at the Chinese restaurant where she worked."

Where is the reality in all this? Brooks has quit Barbra to become Roz's full-time manager. Roz's first album, *Give Me You*, is now on the market, with another album and four singles to come under her \$100,000 contract. After seeing her do two songs on an Ed Sullivan show last month, the management of the Plaza Hotel's Persian Room signed her up for a three-week stint next winter. One more appearance on the Sullivan show is scheduled this season, and Broadway Producer David Black called Brooks and said he wanted her for his modern musical version of *Allice in Wonderland* next fall. "Obviously," says Brooks, "the Man Upstairs wants all this for our Rozzie."

Pop-Rock. Can our Rozzie take it? Her first appearance with Sullivan was only her fifth in front of an audience, and it showed. She had whittled off 60 lbs., but she wore a matronly gown and clenched her hands nervously. She was hardly more relaxed a week later in the nightclub atmosphere of San Francisco's hungry i. But there is that Streisand voice, strong and crystalline, making up in depth and force what it lacks in experience and subtlety.

"Our phrasing is similar because we feel a song the same way," Roz explains. "But she sings of love lost and I sing of first love." Further, she says, "I found my own style in a more contemporary bag—pop-rock." Roslyn belts out such non-Streisand pop-rock numbers as *The Shape of Things to Come* and John Lennon's and Paul McCartney's *The Fool on the Hill* with her voice well under control.

Rozzie's biggest problem will be to build confidence and shuck off her sister's shadow. It may be difficult. For her first public appearance, Brooks booked her at Bill Hahn's in Connecticut, the same spot where Barbra started out. One of the first tunes Rozzie sang was *People*. Brooks insists that the high-pressure rush has little to do with Barbra's fame. But every album-plugging newspaper interview somehow gets around to the Streisand kinship. Roz insists that "if I could just do a fourth of what my sister did, or maybe half, I'd be happy. So long as I've

done it on my own." So far, the only person who seems content to see Roz make it on her own has been Barbra herself, who has limited her encouragement to one phone call and a telegram.

COMPOSERS

Song of a Wilted Flower

The hit of the current season at Germany's Nürnberg Opera House is an operatic twin bill called *Dreams*. It is the work of the first Korean composer to make an important mark on Western music, Isang Yun. Based on two ancient Taoist parables, *Dreams* idealizes the renunciation of earthly values while striving for inner personal freedom. "What has passed returns to nothingness if one gazes back at it," runs one line

KIM CHU



COMPOSER YUN IN KOREA

Tones as free as the fantasy

of the libretto. "Today is spring; tomorrow the flower wilts." Perhaps it was thoughts like these that helped Yun finish *Dreams* in a Seoul prison cell last year.

In early 1967, life was finally beginning to fall into place for Yun. After eleven difficult years of studying and composing in Europe, he was now hearing his works performed and praised; commissions were starting to come in. That June, however, Yun and his wife vanished from their home in West Berlin. They turned up next as prisoners facing a treason trial in their native South Korea. They had been abducted by agents of the South Korean Central Intelligence Agency, who at the time were rounding up South Korean intellectuals and students by the dozen in Europe as alleged spies. The Yuns were accused of having visited North Korean officials in East Germany and of having made a trip through Siberia to North Korea itself—purportedly under the instructions of North Korean espionage agents.

The plucky South Korean government is under constant threat from the

* Half sister, really. After Barbra's father died in 1943, her mother married Louis Kind, a Brooklyn tailor and Roslyn's father.

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Communist North, and so its fears about spies are justified. Still, Yun insisted that he had gone to East Berlin only to inquire about an old friend in North Korea. His illegal "espionage" trip had been merely to examine a 4th century tomb at Nangnang, which was to be the locale of *Butterfly Widow*, the second part of *Dreams*. Unimpressed, a Seoul tribunal sentenced him to life imprisonment; it gave his wife a three-year term, then suspended it and allowed her to return to their two teenage children in West Berlin.

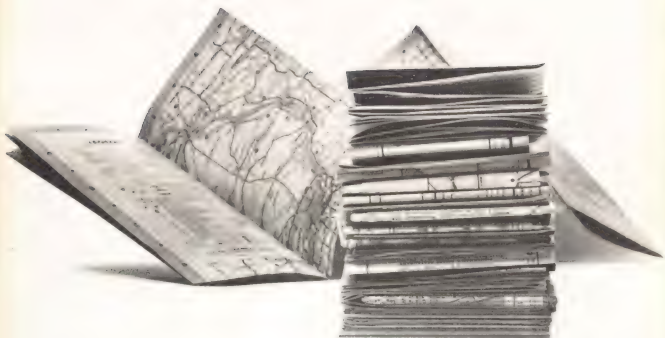
After 24 composers—including Igor Stravinsky, Pierre Boulez and Karlheinz Stockhausen—had signed a petition on his behalf, Yun was allowed to resume composing behind bars. The Bonn government, angered by Seoul's cloak-and-dagger tactics on German soil, threatened to suspend its \$25 million program of economic aid. South Korea first reduced Yun's stiff sentence to 15 years, then to ten, and last month decided to free him. He is expected to leave for Germany next month.

Giant Butterfly. A cultural hero's welcome awaits him. At the premiere of *Dreams*, the audience demanded 31 curtain calls. Critics raved about Yun's prodigious orchestral and vocal writing and his intuitive knack for fantasy. The first work, *Dreams of Liu-tung*, depicts the adventures of a frivolous student who is converted to Taoism when a magician conjures up four dreams that chillingly depict his fate. *Butterfly Widow* is a comedy about a high-court functionary, Chan-tse, who dreams each night that he is a beautiful giant butterfly. A philosopher tells Chan-tse that he was actually a butterfly in his former life and was probably a lot happier without the nagging of his current wife. Chan-tse pretends to be dead in a cemetery. When his wife arrives at his coffin with a lover, Chan-tse rises up and scares her away forever. Thus freed, he becomes the butterfly he always wanted to be.

Despite the ingenuousness of the plots, Yun's serial music, with its Oriental overtones, is so inescapably that the orchestra and offstage chorus required no fewer than 30 rehearsals. Yun's use of twelve-tone rows is as free as his theatrical fantasy. The singers often had to master unaccompanied vocal lines, and the orchestra itself was augmented by whips, rattles and bells. At the end, as color projections were flashed onto a transparent curtain, boulder-size clusters of tone shot from the orchestra, and twelve percussion instruments went wild with pings, thumps, roars and growling glissandi. Then the tumultuous sound dissolved as mysteriously as it had arisen. Silence. Curtain.

"In the beginning, it was hell to learn," said one of the soloists, American Soprano Maria de Francesca, "but almost overnight the meaning opened up. Later, I was scheduled to sing Sophie in *Der Rosenkavalier*. Suddenly Strauss seemed awfully strange to me."

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ART



FRANKENTHALER EXHIBITION AT THE WHITNEY

Heiress to a New Tradition

THE cavernous fourth story of Manhattan's Whitney Museum, with its stark slate floors and 17-ft. ceilings, can seem as empty and remote as an abandoned temple. As architecture, it is a demanding frame, diminishing the trivial but magnificently enhancing the heroic. Currently, frame and subject seem superbly conjoined in a display of 46 huge, brilliantly colored canvases by Helen Frankenthaler. There, on the impassive walls, color gardens of imaginary flowers bloom with subtle petals of mauve, maroon, crimson, orange, cinnamon. There are stately, bold, blaring rectangles of cherry and apricot, leaping palegold fires, whistling blue sails of form.

In the Shadow. Many of the gallerygoers who have seen the show in the past month, including many of the critics, feel as if they had never really seen a Frankenthaler before. In Manhattan's close and somewhat clubby artistic community, nearly everybody knows Helen Frankenthaler as a chatter, a hostess and a presence. Back in the early 1950s, she was the brash, aggressive young girl friend of Clement Greenberg, the eloquent critic and self-appointed evangelist who has done the most to recognize and extol the genius of Jackson Pollock. For the past eleven years, she has been the wife of Robert Motherwell, and in a sense, Helen always seemed in the artistic shadow of her husband and other "first-generation" Abstract Expressionists. Thus it came as something of a discovery to learn that Helen can really paint. "For myself," wrote the New York Times's Hilton Kramer, "this exhibition establishes Miss Frankenthaler as one of our best painters." Barbara Rose, in an article for the April *Artforum*, will argue that Helen Frankenthaler is "one of the major figures in world art in the last two decades."

Major? She has proclaimed no new doctrines, founded no new school. But with this show, she has demonstrated that she has a clear and distinctive talent of high skill, great beauty and the kind of excitement that comes with the sense that the end is not yet in sight.

Miracle and Myth. In the eyes of Motherwell, who admittedly is a fond partisan, there are three reasons for her new renown. The first is her own talents. "Helen is a miracle," he says, "in that her art is very complete and at the same time abstract—her work is full of people, animals, flowers, and so on—but very highly transformed, so that only a very sophisticated person can see it." The second has to do with the fact that she is a woman, and "the myth is that when a woman is an artist, she tends to become dehumanized or desexualized, but this has not happened to Helen." The third is the context in which Helen finds herself in the spring of 1969.

After half a dozen years in which galleries and museums were touting gimmicks and gadgetry of all kinds, there is a renewed appreciation of what is called painterly painting—painting in which the sensuous quality and texture of the paint-on-canvas is rewarding. Pop, op, mechanical art and the newest of the crowd, earthworks, are still there—but somehow they no longer have the appeal that they used to.

The painterly tradition derives from Pollock, De Kooning and Kline, and Frankenthaler can be called an heiress of it. She might also claim to be something of a pioneer. In 1952, when she was only 23, she developed her "stain technique" as an extension of Jackson Pollock's method of skeining swirls of glossy Duco enamel onto a canvas spread upon the floor. Helen thinned her paint with turpentine and poured it onto the

unprimed canvas, so that the paint sank in. The marks of the pouring or brush disappeared, canvas and color became one and the same. The result was so remarkable that when Morris Louis and Kenneth Noland came up from Washington to look, Louis adapted the technique for his own sullenly smoldering veils of color and fiery stripes. Noland borrowed it to delineate his electric targets and chevrons. Jules Olitski and Larry Poons would also admit their debt to Frankenthaler's innovation.

Abstract Heart. With earlier recognition, Helen might also have claimed another distinction. Anybody can see that abstract art is very pretty and decorative. What many were slow to understand is how any painting which does not have recognizable figures or objects in it can have any relation to reality, feeling or soul. Admittedly, this quality of feeling is difficult to derive from the impersonal, sometimes almost machine-tooled canvases of Louis or Noland. It is certainly there, but hidden, just as men make it a point of honor not to cry and to keep a stiff upper lip. On the other hand, Helen Frankenthaler's art deals outspokenly with emotion. It bubbles forth with irresistible elation, and could have been used long before now to show that abstract painting can have a heart.

Helen Frankenthaler's painting career began in the ninth and tenth grades of Manhattan's ultra-chic, ultra-strict Brearley School. Her father, New York State Supreme Court Justice Alfred Frankenthaler, had died a few years before, leaving behind a beautiful widow, a sizable estate and three daughters. Helen was the youngest, and she soon found herself in "a very bad state, suffering a real childish sense of life and death." She found that only her painting class gave her "a sense of losing myself." Brearley girls sketched nudes from life and painted still-life compositions in oils. Helen was good at realistic painting. "It was in the wrist," she says, "with a sense of delight undimmed by the years." "It was a world where I was safe, talented, secure."

She went on to progressive Bennington College in Vermont. The painting she contributed to a Bennington Alumni Art exhibition in a Manhattan art gallery in May 1950 was an amateurish pastiche of her Bennington teachers, Picasso and Art Students League, Clement Greenberg, who came to the opening, thought it was terrible, and told the artist so. Then, naturally, he had to invite her down to Greenwich Village for a drink.

Three Was Wow. During the next five years, the pair underwent what she recalls as "a painting bath." Says she: "There wasn't a show we missed, whether of Pollock or Fantin-Latour. We checked catalogues. One check meant we liked it. Two checks was pretty good. Three was wow! This seems the opposite of that lofty beautiful experience that art is supposed to be. Every paint-

FRANKENTHALER'S FLOATING RADIANCE



THE HUMAN EDGE (1967)

EXHIBITION WALLS OF ARTS STRAUSSE, N.Y.

ARTHUR AND SALLY DEERN



THREE MOONS (1961)

SEASCAPE WITH DUNES (1962)



NYU ART COLLECTION



INTERIOR LANDSCAPE [1964]



BLUE HEAD-ON
(1965)

ing is supposed to be a valid expression and interesting. But the truth is some work and some don't. That happens with all painters in every age."

"One way to learn how to make a painting work is to look and look—so that if you have an eye, you develop it. That's what we did," she recalls. "And every so often, we would go off with paintboxes and folding easels—not as camp, but as serious passion. To try and get some farm or field in Vermont or New Jersey onto the canvas looking exactly as it did, within the limits of our quasi-Impressionist style."

Empty but Outspoken. When they returned to Manhattan, Helen would try to distill her impressions of the real landscapes into abstract canvases structured not by the external reality, but in terms of an internal harmony. "The landscapes were the discipline, the abstracts were the freedom and the joy. Though I enjoyed the discipline, one was confined within a tradition that was *déjà vu*. For me, just about everything has been said about landscapes, but I don't think everything has been said in terms of colors and shapes."

Greenberg encouraged Helen in her habit of tearing up canvases that were too easy or familiar. His critical mark is best symbolized today not in the myriad lifting forms and colors that she puts upon her canvas, but in the ones she leaves out. Her work incorporates empty spaces that are often more forceful and outspoken than the painted ones. In *The Human Edge*, for example, the real Frankenthaler is to be found—not in the weighty banner forms that hang down from the top, but in the horizontal rectangle of white that lies beneath and behind them. The whole picture was executed in rather a girlish pique in 1967. The artist was feeling resentful about the considerable popular and critical acclaim enjoyed by "certain hard-edge painters." Thus "the human edge" becomes a play on the expression "hard-edge." The whole painting says in bold and aggressive tones: "My name is Helen Frankenthaler—and goddammit, I know how to paint just as well as the boys."

The Split. It was after a 1952 painting expedition to Nova Scotia that Frankenthaler painted *Mountains and Sea*, a wonderfully warm and gentle abstract landscape in which for the first time she developed the stain technique. She moved her canvas onto the floor and began to use her shoulder rather than her wrist, employed paint cans rather than palettes, and a sponge as well as a brush. With a few minor variations, she still uses the technique today. It enables her to play undendingly with soft, airy, graceful forms.

Frankenthaler and Greenberg split up in 1955, and for a couple of years after that she turned out confused and not very satisfactory pictures. Then in 1957 she met Robert Motherwell, and they were married the following April.

PHOTOGRAPH BY



FRANKENTHALER AT WORK IN MANHATTAN STUDIO
Renewed appreciation of painterly painting.

They live in a handsomely renovated town house in the East 90s, with "his" and "her" paintings on either side of the fireplace. Never has Helen Frankenthaler painted more surely and decisively than she does at her two current studios, one over a hardware store on Third Avenue, the other in the woods near Provincetown, on Cape Cod. The Motherwells go to Provincetown in the summer, to be joined by Motherwell's two daughters by a previous marriage, Jeannie, 16, and Live, 14. The landscapes done on Cape Cod sing with the oceanic blues, yellow sands, the faded greens of marsh grass, and the savage reds of beach plums.

They are all abstract, of course. *Three Moons*, for example, just happens to be called that. "The title has a whimsical quality," she admits, "that relates to it, but to me what counts is the way the forms work in relation to each other." That comment may be a bit of self-delusion. The viewer can indeed see three moons in the picture, even though he

has certainly never seen three moons in a nighttime sky, and so must conclude they exist only in the painter's imagination. By concentrating on the shapes alone, she can allow the fantasy to surface—giving it a name only after she sees it.

Other antic notions emerge as well. Militant playfulness seems to predominate in *Sea Scape with Dunes*. Its thorny blobs march across the canvas in a shape like a sea-horse at bay. A flame-like, almost scaring vitality leaps forth from *Interior Landscape*, twisting savagely sidewise, up and around. One of the deliberately faded grays and greens, and the firm blue square in the middle, keep the painting from dissolving into a chaos of raw emotion. Still, any really good abstract painting, Helen argues, "plays on your emotional gut. It gets to you, and many people would just as soon leave that dimension alone. I think, in a way, a painting is a flat head-on confrontation, the same kind of thing that happens when you go to a concert and either you fall asleep or else you're moved to tears. But then you put on your coat and go home." A painting, unlike a symphony, exists permanently in time, and so perhaps "there is something about a head-on confrontation with a picture that might make people who don't want to have that experience uneasy."

Steel Blue. There is a monumentally unsettling force in Helen Frankenthaler's *Blue Head-On*. At the same time, a steely discipline is built into the picture. After years of developing her eye, she has found that many pictures normally "work" better with darker colors at the top. A sedate, woody green thus sets a lid on the upward rushing blue genie. Helen Frankenthaler is not interested in emotions for their own sake. Despite the modernity of her style, she is an heirress to a tradition that reaches back beyond Pollock; she uses themes as a kind of reality on which to base an esthetic experience. Her ambition—and she succeeds in it with a memorable frequency—is to marry inner joy and outer discipline in a work of art.

PHOTOGRAPH BY



THE MOTHERWELLS AT HOME
Ambition to marry joy and discipline.

THE LAW

EVIDENCE

Is a Hypnotized Witness Reliable?

For three years, Yale Law Professor Steven Duke has been working to correct what he calls "one of the most inexcusable, grotesque perversions of justice in the history of the federal criminal process." Without any compensation, Duke has devoted as many as 80 hours a week trying to reverse the narcotics conviction of a Connecticut hairdresser named James Miller. In 1964 Attorney General Robert Kennedy called Miller one of the main figures in the nation's largest narcotics smuggling ring, but Duke is convinced that Miller was the victim of a grievous error on the part of the Government's chief witness, a Canadian named Joseph Michel Caron.

Roman Nose. Caron was arrested and charged with bringing heroin from Mexico into the U.S. While he did not know the name of the man who was his contact in Connecticut, Caron described him initially as "a man of Italian or Jewish ancestry, Roman nose, curly hair, dark-complexioned." Miller is a light-complexioned man of Irish background who has wavy hair and a straight nose. Yet, when Caron was asked to look over some mug shots, one of two photos he picked out was that of Miller, who was known to federal authorities because of his friendship with a Mafia mobster. Later, Caron definitely identified Miller as the person who had picked up his heroin in Connecticut. At Miller's trial, Caron also recalled that the license plate on the pickup car was "AM 1826"—Miller's number.

After his conviction, Miller sought

the services of Duke, who quickly became persuaded that his client was a victim of mistaken identity. For one thing, Duke claimed to have a bugged conversation in which another man, Mario Natalizio, had admitted that he was Caron's Connecticut contact. He eventually talked Natalizio into a confession. But Natalizio later repudiated the document, and Duke lost both the appeal and numerous motions for a new trial.

When the U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear the case, it looked as if the Yale professor's crusade was finished. As a last resort, he decided to see whether Caron would furnish any more clues to the real identity of his contact under hypnosis. The session provided an unexpected payoff. Before Caron went into a trance, he confided that Government prosecutors had also interrogated him under hypnosis just before Miller's trial.

Highly Suggestible. Once more Duke went to court to ask for a new trial. He produced expert witnesses, such as Dr. Herbert Spiegel of Manhattan (TIME, May 24), who have questioned the accuracy of any testimony given during or after hypnosis. Spiegel said that Caron's desire to cooperate with the Government, along with his own instability—he had tried suicide in his cell—made him a highly suggestible hypnotic subject. For example, Spiegel pointed out, Caron had remembered Miller's license plate only after all of the digits were suggested to him during the sessions. His identification of Miller, moreover, could have been reinforced through the power of suggestion.

While not necessarily implying that

the jury verdict was wrong, the federal appeals court that covers Connecticut has just ordered a new trial for Miller. In his opinion, Judge Henry Friendly declared that some of Caron's testimony required the Government to disclose that it had hypnotized him. The Government must make this admission, Friendly indicated, whenever there is a "significant possibility" that it will affect the verdict. The ruling, one of the first of its kind, should help prevent abuse of hypnosis by overzealous prosecutors. "If the price of our decision should be the ultimate escape of a guilty man rather than the vindication of an innocent one," said the judge, "this is the kind of case where that price is worth paying."

OBSCENITY

The English Lesson

In a suburban courtroom just north of Detroit last week, a high school teacher named Nancy Timbrook clutched a shredded Kleenex as she defended her actions before a judge. She admitted that she had, as charged, written a four-letter variant of the verb "to copulate" on her classroom blackboard.

Prosecutor: Didn't you know that it was an unfit word to use in front of children?

Mrs. Timbrook: That's what I was trying to teach—that it was indecent and immoral. It's always made me sick every time I've seen it. I've seen it every day in the [school] john. I wanted to stop it.

Prosecutor: Did you know that writing that word was a crime?

Mrs. Timbrook: I didn't know I was doing anything that would send me to jail.

Judge: Ignorance is no excuse.

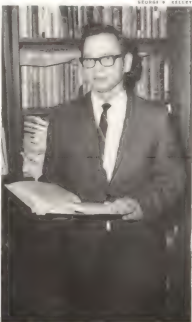
Mrs. Timbrook: Perhaps I should have studied law instead of literature.

While the four-letter word under discussion has become commonplace in the works of many modern novelists, its use is far from accepted in high school English classes. Any teacher who makes it the theme of a classroom exercise can expect a strong reaction—if not from the students themselves, at least from their parents. Which is what happened to Mrs. Timbrook, 36, a truck driver's wife and the mother of nine children, who teaches at Lamphere High School in Madison Heights, Mich.

Led by God. The incident took place last month after Patrick Eady, 32, a social-studies teacher at Lamphere, invited two college-age youths who are members of a local left-wing group called the White Panthers to address his students. Their talk was freely sprinkled with the provocative verb (or noun, or adjective, depending on how it is used). News of the highly unusual lesson spread quickly through the school. Annoyed by the students' snickering, Mrs. Timbrook decided to discuss the word in class the very next day. She printed the word on the blackboard for each of her four English classes and asked



MILLER & WIFE



DUKE

The kind of case where the price is worth paying.

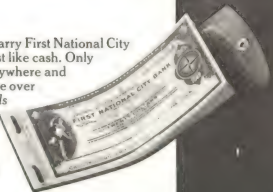


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MRS. TIMBROOK

Morality was no excuse.

each what it meant. "I was led to do that by God," Mrs. Timbrook, a deeply religious woman, later recalled. "I didn't know what I was going to do until I walked into the classroom."

For the most part, the students merely giggled and answered that the word meant "sexual intercourse." But many of the 42,000 residents of the town questioned Mrs. Timbrook's divine inspiration. She insisted that her lecture's purpose was to prove that the word was "devoid of life and love." Nevertheless, parents besieged the superintendent of schools with irate phone calls and, at hastily convened meetings, vilified Mrs. Timbrook as a "whore" and "a disgrace to womankind."

Eady was fired from his job. When Mrs. Timbrook was given non-teaching duties in the superintendent's office, other teachers boycotted the school for a full day. Then one father, Police Lieutenant William Sloan, brought criminal charges against Mrs. Timbrook and Eady. Both were arrested on a state charge—"depraving the morals of children." Mrs. Timbrook was also charged with violating a local ordinance that forbids the writing of "indecent and immoral language."

In court Judge Edward Lawrence conceded that her motive had been a moral one. But he was not inclined to minimize her offense. "People may commit murder in the heat of passion," he said, "but that doesn't excuse obscenity. People may write obscenity for various reasons, but that doesn't excuse obscenity." While the state charge against her was dropped, Mrs. Timbrook pleaded guilty to violating the local ordinance. She faces penalties of up to 90 days in prison and \$500 fine at her sentencing next month. Eady, who comes to trial next month, is not likely to get much more sympathy.

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RELIGION

ANGLICANS

England's Dying Churches

I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets.

—Edmund Burke

So would Alfred Enderby, although he is not a statesman but only a farm hand in the tiny (pop. 150) Lincolnshire village of South Ormsby. As long as he can remember, Enderby, 65, has been worshipping at St. Leonard's Church, a weathered, three-century-old stone building. Enderby has also been the parish's diligent churchwarden for more than two decades. Rising at dawn, he arrives at St. Leonard's shortly before 8 o'clock, holy communion, tolls the ancient bell, carefully lights the altar candles, and then drops his usual small offering into the collection envelope. Commendable though it is, Enderby's simple act of devotion is an anachronism. On most days, he is St. Leonard's only worshiper.

Redundancy. The unhappy state of St. Leonard's is an all too typical story. Throughout the English countryside, the small country parishes that were once the bulwark of the Anglican faith are empty and neglected, even though a few indomitable souls like Enderby try to keep them alive. Their exteriors crumbling like the yellowing pages of an old Psalter, England's 10,000 or so picturesque country churches are sad reminders of a vanishing way of life. Except for occasional tourists, few people ever visit them; each year their congregations grow ever smaller. "There hasn't been a wedding here in twelve years," laments one venerable priest who stubbornly refuses to abandon his diminishing flock in the village of Oxcombe. "We only have funerals."

His dirge reflects not only the declining impact of religion generally but

some hard demographic facts. Largely because of farm mechanization, England's rural population has dwindled by 75% in the past half-century; in some isolated pockets of Sussex and East Anglia, it has fallen to 2% of the pre-World War I level. But while the people have gone, their churches remain. Near the village of Tetford, for example, there are seven miniature churches, most of them nearly 200 years old, that were built by the old town gentry in a kind of keeping-up-with-Squire-Jones competition. In their heyday, they were jammed at Sunday services by their proud patrons and loyal retainers. Today, not one of them serves more than three families.

Although the crisis in England's country churches has long been in the making, Anglican leaders are becoming increasingly concerned about it. Lacking the money or the manpower to maintain them, the bishops of some rural dioceses have been pronouncing certain parishes "redundant"—that is, they withdraw recognition of the church, order its old doors locked, and if no other use can be found, declare the building ready for demolition. "The church is for people; it is not a society for the preservation of ancient monuments," said a recent diocesan report in Lincolnshire, where 57 rural parishes have already been declared redundant and 100 others are on the brink of that fate.

The shutdown of these ancient churches—some of which date back to Norman times—disturbs many people, including nonbelievers who are worried about the random destruction of England's architectural heritage. Until now, however, very little official action has been taken to salvage these reliquaries. One promising new method is the reorganization of autonomous parish clerics into "group ministries," which enable several priests to band together and serve a number of depopulated parishes.

Typical of the 60 group ministries formed so far is one conducted by two energetic young priests in the South Ormsby area. Rotating services among 15 parishes, they transport the faithful to and from worship in a secondhand minibus (which they bought from the proceeds of a rummage sale). They have organized a group choir and Sunday school, and publish a magazine called *The Tennyson Chronicle* (after the poet laureate, who was born in their district). Such activities would be impossible if the priests had only two or three active parishioners, instead of the 30 or more who now attend services.

Off into Retirement. Recently, Parliament passed a measure that actively encourages the formation of more such ministries. Previously, an elderly vicar could hang on to his parish even if no one ever attended his services. Now he can be compelled to join a group ministry or be packed off into retirement. The pastoral measure also establishes a ten-man advisory board to determine what churches should be demolished, preserved or put to some other use. Even this new concern, however, has not entirely erased the melancholy over the decay of England's country churches. "An empty country church," says the Rev. Philip Goodrich, vicar of a commuter-belt church near London, reflecting the sentiments of many Britons, "is somehow a much sadder phenomenon than an empty urban church. Nostalgia dogs us."

ECUMENISM

Toward a Superchurch

When Presbyterian Leader Eugene Carson Blake first proposed the idea from the pulpit of San Francisco's Episcopal Grace Cathedral in 1960, it electrified U.S. Christianity: as a step toward ultimate church reunion, he said, mainstream American Protestants must unite. At the time, Blake optimistically predicted that the project would need ten years to bear any fruit at all; pes-



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CHURCHWARDEN ENDERBY

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simists seemed to think it was impossible. Last week, as the Consultation on Church Union met for the eighth time in Atlanta to carry forward Blake's pioneering proposal, it appeared that the participants were willing to accept an old military maxim: the impossible takes a little longer.

Despite a pace that sometimes appears as plodding as it is resolute, COCU has advanced Blake's dream considerably toward realization. The four churches that he originally exhorted to lead the movement now have five additional partners,* the nine churches together representing more than 25 million U.S. Protestants. This year an outline of a long-awaited plan of union was submitted to the members, and from it, at next year's session, the detailed plan itself will be worked out.

Unified Parishes. The proposed government of the united superchurch would be both hierarchal and democratic, with three orders of ordained ministers: bishops for district, regional, and national office, presbyters to lead parishes and congregations, and deacons to perform special ministries and other duties. Existing churches of the various denominations would be arranged in unified "parishes," the better to utilize available space and talent. Such parishes will be intentionally multiracial, and thus not necessarily geographical entities. A national assembly, with the laity receiving a bloc vote along with each of the ministerial orders, would decide matters of faith and order.

Perhaps the most significant progress the churches have made since Dr. Blake's speech is in ensuring the racial unity of the prospective superchurch. Three of the participant churches are predominantly Negro in membership, and their presence as equal partners is now taken for granted. High on the list of priorities for consideration by denominational leaders is "How shall racial balance be achieved and maintained in leadership, both lay and ordained, at all levels of the united church?" Balance is the concern. The outline plan already provides that all offices of the new church, including the episcopacy, be open to all races. Ordination of women, on the other hand, and their eligibility to be bishops will probably be a stumbling block for Episcopalians, just as infant baptism will be difficult for the Disciples of Christ to accept. There are hard differences to be resolved before the dream is realized.

* The four denominations originally invited to form the union were Blake's United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., the Episcopal Church, the United Church of Christ and the Methodist Church. Joining later were the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian Church in the United States (Southern), the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, the Christian Methodist Episcopal Church and the Evangelical United Brethren. Last year the Evangelical United Brethren merged with the Methodist Church to become the United Methodist Church.

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MILESTONES

Married. Mitt Romney, 22, youngest son of the HUD Secretary and a sophomore at Brigham Young University; and Ann Davies, 19, daughter of a Detroit industrialist and a Mormon convert; in Salt Lake City.

Married. John Lennon, 28, brainiest Beatle; and Yoko Ono, 36, Japanese sculptress and his steady companion for the past year; he for the second time, she for the third; in Gibraltar.

Married. Orval Faubus, 59, ex-Governor of Arkansas now directing Dogpatch, U.S.A., a sprawling (Ozark park; and Elizabeth Westmoreland, 30, a Dogpatch publicity flak; both for the second time; in Little Rock.

Died. John Mason Brown, 68, journalist, drama critic and lecturer; of pneumonia; in Manhattan. The son of a Louisville, Ky., lawyer, Brown was labeled the "Confederate Aristotle" for his self-deprecating wit and tongue-in-cheek pedantry. He was drama critic for the New York Evening Post from 1929 until 1941; after that, his *Saturday Review* column, "Seeing Things," became a forum for broad commentary. But the theater was always his passion, and in 1963 he quit the Pulitzer jury when the prize was not awarded to *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

Died. Major General Courtney Whitney, 71, longtime aide and confidant of General Douglas MacArthur, who resigned from the Army in protest when MacArthur was recalled from Korea by President Truman, stoutly defended the general before a Senate inquiry and in a biography, *MacArthur: His Rendezvous with History*; in Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D.C.

Died. Leander Perez, 77, bedrock Louisiana reactionary, who battled the forces of progress and integration from his throne in oil-rich Plaquemines Parish for nearly 50 years; of a heart attack; at his plantation south of New Orleans. Perez became district attorney of Plaquemines Parish in 1924, and created one of the nation's most powerful political machines. Calling blacks "Congolese" and "burrheads," he gained nationwide notoriety for his bitter fights against school desegregation and Negro voter registration in Louisiana.

Died. Grover Magnin, 83, specialty-store magnate, who helped build I. Magnin & Co. into a 21-store chain that became the prime West Coast source of haute couture, was named president in 1944 when I. Magnin merged with Bullock's of Los Angeles, but was later eased out of office by the Bullock faction; in San Francisco.

* No kin to the general.

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BUSINESS

INFLATIONITIS: A PROBLEM OF PSYCHOLOGY

IN the manner of Janis Paige in the old Broadway smash, *Pajama Game*, U.S. bankers are lamenting the discovery that a 7½% interest rate "doesn't mean a helluva lot." Pinched for lendable funds by Washington's fight against inflation, the nation's major banks last week raised the cost of borrowing to that level—the fourth rise in little more than three months. The prime rate, the interest that banks charge their best corporate customers, went up a full ½% from the 7% rate set only last January. Although the new rate was a historic peak, neither businessmen nor bankers seemed much impressed.

"The real shock is the lack of shock," said Walter Headley, senior vice president and economist of the Bank of America. "People seem reconciled to it. Nowadays 7½% only seems to confirm inflationitis." It also validates a growing concern that inflationary psychology may be every bit as disabling and difficult to cure as inflation itself.

Reluctant Step. One reason the rate increase caused so little commotion was that it had been anticipated in banking circles for weeks; the only question was which bank would start it. New York's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. took the reluctant first step. The bank is, after all, well attuned to credit pressures. A leading corporate lender, it was one of the banks most severely squeezed in the "credit crunch" of 1966. This time, the Federal Reserve Board's policy of gradual "disinflation without deflation" has kept U.S. banks at some distance from anything like the 1966 crisis. Though forced to pay interest as high as 8½%, the banks have been able to bring home some \$2.4 billion in "Eurodollars"—or about one-fourth of the U.S. dollars on deposit in foreign branches of U.S. banks.

Demand for money is likely to remain very high indeed. For one thing, businessmen expect to spend some \$73 billion, 14% more than last year, to expand their factories during 1969. "I am frankly disturbed by this evidence of how the collective decisions of investors may help to keep inflation growing," says Treasury Secretary David Kennedy. Because of the "multiplier effect" of capital outlays, each dollar of such investment adds about \$2.50 to the total economy. The phenomenon worries Washington for two reasons: 1) it has an immediate inflationary effect, and 2) it could lead to industrial overcapacity followed by a profit squeeze and massive layoffs. Today the nation's factories are operating at only 84% of

their capacity, well below the 90% level that normally triggers expansion.

Businessmen are increasing their expansion plans for a variety of interwoven reasons. The momentum of 96 consecutive months of economic expansion leaves most executives confident about 1969, despite all the talk of a slowdown. Last week the Commerce Department reported that factory orders for durable goods—an important indicator of future economic activity—rose by \$1 billion in February to a record level of \$31 billion. Even a small decline in auto assemblies last month did not prevent industrial production from setting a new record for the fourth month in a row. Recovering from a January slump, personal income increased \$5.3 billion in February to a record annual rate of \$491 billion. Most of that jump came from substantial wage increases, which spur businessmen to invest in labor-saving new facilities and equipment. Beyond that, says John R. Luntz, president of Philadelphia's First Pennsylvania Banking & Trust Co.: "Borrowers feel that inflation is here to stay and that it's better to borrow now than later."

Many businessmen are tied to spending plans formulated months ago. The rising cost of money has prompted U.S. Steel to review its \$600 million-plus 1969 spending plans, but any cuts could not even begin to take effect until September. Before it crimps corporate

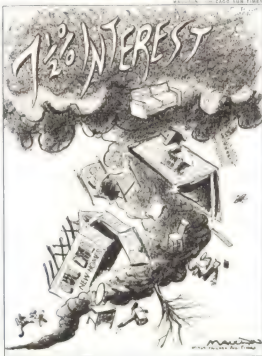
spending, the monetary squeeze will spread unevenly through other sectors of the economy.

As usual, housing will be hit first and hardest because higher interest rates elsewhere will siphon away funds normally available for mortgages. Small businessmen will feel the pinch immediately. Consumers may expect to pay more shortly for auto and appliance loans. Record bond interest rates have now soared beyond the reach of many local governments, forcing them to postpone many projects such as sewer and water lines and school buildings. New York Telephone had difficulty finding takers for a \$150 million issue yielding 7.47%. New York's Consolidated Edison had to pay a record 7.9% on an issue of \$80 million of construction bonds. Many treasurers are turning away from bonds altogether, reasoning that it is better to pay 9% or so for a two-year bank loan than to be committed to 7½% or more on a 30-year bond.

Usury Ceilings. In many states, certain types of loans are becoming almost unavailable because of the low ceilings on interest rates set by usury laws. Margin loans for stock purchases are drying up in such places as Vermont and New Hampshire. In Michigan, which has a 7% usury limit, unincorporated businessmen and partnerships can no longer legally borrow at a rate that lenders will accept. Illinois lenders shun home loans because of the state's 7% ceiling; now the legislature is moving to up the limit to 9%.

Whether the present mix of fiscal and monetary policies will bring the "gradual" economic slowdown that the Administration wants should be known in a few months. Most taxpayers will be painfully reminded in mid-April that not all of last year's 10% income tax surcharge was covered by their withholding taxes. The federal budget will soon shift to a slight surplus after three years of inflationary deficits. At this point, top Administration officials figure that present measures will begin to bring inflation under control—perhaps without another dose of higher interest rates.

"I think the message is already starting to get through," says Paul McCracken, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. "Policies can be decisive and persistent without being cataclysmic." Amid the uncertainties of an ebullient springtime economy, businessmen can only hope that McCracken's vision is correct.





CHEVROLET INSPECTORS CHECKING 1966 MODELS IN FLINT, MICH., PLANT

WHERE AUTO DEFECTS COME FROM

THE U.S. prides itself on having the world's most efficient industry. If that is the case, why have auto manufacturers, long regarded as star performers, lately been recalling cars at a faster rate than they have been building them? Last week General Motors called back 1,100,000 vehicles—1965 and 1966 Pontiac cars and late-model Chevrolet and G.M.C. trucks, buses and highway tractors—because of possible defects in the braking systems. Only three weeks earlier, G.M. had recalled a record 4,900,000 vehicles, including 2,500,000 Chevrolets built between 1965 and 1968. Although less than 5% of all autos involved usually turn out to be defective, such recalls underscore the fact that Detroit's quality control is not all that it might be. Says G.M. Chairman James M. Roche: "We'd be the first to admit that a better job can be done."

Car buyers, especially those who may spend anywhere from \$2,000 to \$8,000 for a lemon, would certainly agree. Yet the same buyers make improved quality control difficult by insisting on speed and styling at the lowest possible price. In the hot competition for customers, the need to squeeze every last dollar out of production prompts automakers to cut costs in designing their cars. An innovation that endangered 2,500,000 of the cars in last month's G.M. recall was a cam used to regulate the engine's idling speed. It was designed in plastic, which enabled production engineers to hold down tooling costs. The trouble was that the cam broke off on some vehicles and dropped into the throttle linkage, jamming the accelerator. The company is now substituting a stronger, metal-reinforced cam.

Less pride, in G.M.'s latest recall, another engineering error involved air brake valve hoses that were placed close

to the left front tires on certain highway tractors. The hoses at times rubbed against the tires and wore through, causing brake failure. Chrysler last year mailed new gasoline tank caps to 25,000 of its customers to replace a faulty one that posed a safety peril. The old cap had a rubber seal that, because it tended to swell up and cover the cap's air hole, could have caused the gas tank to collapse.

Whether problems are created on the drawing board or crop up during manufacture, human error is almost always involved. Auto executives privately complain that today's assembly-line workers, who earn \$5.50 an hour in wages and fringe benefits, tend to take less pride in their jobs than their elders. American Motors had to recall 750 cars over the past year because workers carelessly installed the wrong alternators, which did not generate enough current to keep the batteries fully charged under heavy loads. To overcome lax workmanship on the production line, G.M.'s Buick Division not long ago outfitted torque wrenches with horns that sound off whenever workers fail to fasten nuts and bolts tightly enough. Quality control is becoming an increasingly big headache on Mondays and Fridays, when high absenteeism forces management to rely heavily on backup men.

A more fundamental cause of defects than engineering or labor failures is the sheer complexity of today's cars. The average auto has as many as 15,000 parts, 1,400 of which are subject to friction because they move. The proliferation of model changeovers and optional equipment increases the many chances of error. To ferret out flaws, Detroit has put increasing reliance on technological innovations, many of them borrowed from the aerospace industry.

Automakers now use sound waves to detect defects in axle shafts, connecting rods and many other parts. Ford uses computers to program simulated road conditions for testing new wrinkles before they are incorporated into its new autos.

Bumpy Roads. Auto recalls are scarcely new. Back in 1916, Buick called back touring cars and roadsters after their gas tanks, attached to the body by straps, showed a disturbing tendency to fall off on bumpy roads. From 1960 until Auto Critic Ralph Nader's safety crusade led to the federal Highway Safety Act of 1966, Detroit called back 8,700,000 cars. In the 30 months since, however, 11,400,000 vehicles have been called back.

"It is virtually impossible to guarantee that no defective vehicle will ever reach consumers," says William Haddon Jr., former director of the National Highway Safety Bureau. The ways that autos can go wrong are varied and subtle and, no matter how hard the auto companies work to root out potential defects, there will probably always be some bugs. Nonetheless, the auto companies are more aware than ever that added vigilance is needed to eliminate such defects. In a sense, the growing number and size of recalls is itself a sign of the industry's increased vigilance.

LABOR

Seniority on the Spot

Over the years, unions have treated worker seniority as gospel. The idea is that employees with the longest service have first crack at available jobs—and the last man hired is the first to lose his job in case of layoffs. Now the United Auto Workers has put before Ford Motor Co. proposals for a radical change in seniority arrangements.

Both Ford and the U.A.W. are concerned about the fact that recent layoffs have hit hardest at low-seniority Negroes. To protect their jobs, the union proposed a system of "inverted seniority" by which veterans could voluntarily take layoffs before newcomers.

In raising the prospect that predominantly white oldtimers might willingly relinquish jobs to black newcomers, the U.A.W. is neither so naive nor so selfless as it might sound. Thanks to supplemental unemployment benefits and the guaranteed annual income that Walter Reuther's union has won in recent years, veteran workers would hardly suffer at all. A man with a year or more on the job would still draw nearly 95% of his weekly wage for 31 weeks. A man on the job for seven or more years could get similar benefits for a full year. Under ordinary economic conditions, workers eligible for the longest period of benefits could rarely expect to be laid off. Under Reuther's scheme, older workers could volunteer for what amounts to paid vacations.

The U.A.W. originally brought up inverted seniority during contract talks in

both 1964 and 1967 but got nowhere. The auto companies, which pay most of the bill for unemployment benefits (Ford's fund totals \$80 million), fear that the idea would make production cutbacks so costly as to be self-defeating. In effect, they complain, inverted seniority could force the industry indirectly to pay two men for one job. They also worry that the scheme might destroy incentive and strip plants of experienced workers.

Although the next round of auto-industry contract negotiations is not scheduled until 1970, the U.A.W. chose its time and target skillfully. Under Chairman Henry Ford II, a leader in efforts to hire the hard-core unemployed, Ford has increasingly reached into the ghettos to recruit and train workers. Through this program, Ford has hired 7,700 of its present nationwide work force of 175,000. When production cutbacks brought the layoff of some 3,200 workers by the end of February, however, most of those affected were recently hired ghetto dwellers.

In asking Ford to overhaul seniority practices, the U.A.W. has clearly put the company on the spot. Inverted seniority, said Ken Bannon, director of the union's Ford department, would "sustain not only the personal but the community benefits of the hiring program you initiated." If for no other reason than to avoid charges of undermining that program, Ford has agreed at least to consider the plan.

SALARIES AND BENEFITS The Golden Fringe

Company limousines roll through the British countryside carrying executives' children from their boarding schools to holidays at home. France's nationalized coal companies provide their engineers with rent-free homes. Swedish businessmen hunt elk in company-owned forests. Officials of Rio de Janeiro's Mes-

bla department store enjoy free vacations at their company's summer resort. All these—and many more—are the fringe benefits that are taken for granted by executives abroad, and account for the fact that they can often live high on salaries that usually run much lower than those in the U.S.

Such fringes are most generous in West Germany, where companies lavish benefits on the lowliest employees as well as on the highest executives. A manufacturer passes out free opera tickets. Brewery hands carry home two to four liters of beer every day; slaughterhouse workers are entitled to half a side of pork each month. Employees of the Reemtsma cigarette company get 30 free packs of cigarettes a month—which they often sell.

Such largesse is nominal compared with what a middle-ranking executive gets. His rent is often subsidized, and he also has the use of a company car and chauffeur. In many cases, the company hires a gardener for him, stocks his wine cellar and pays his utility bills. On weekends, the executive can relax at one of the firm's winter or summer retreats. Once a year he may choose to recuperate at Baden-Baden or some other spa, imbibing mineral waters and immersing himself in medicinal mud at company expense. Other German executives annually are given blank airline tickets for themselves and their wives. They may fill out the tickets for "business" trips to any place they care to visit.

Under the Table. Instead of paternalistic emoluments, Italian executives often collect under-the-table cash bonuses, which the company camouflages on its books as "miscellaneous expenses." Payments to top managers run as high as \$20,000 a year. Small private firms rely on generous automobile allowances.

By comparison, British executives lead a constrained existence. Since 1965, entertaining has been disallowed as a tax-

deductible expense for British companies. Tax officials have plugged most other benefit loopholes as well, and corporate perquisites are miserly, especially at London headquarters. In the provinces, some fringes survive. Company mechanics repair the cars of board members; doctors are on call for executives and their families.

Life for French executives, too, is growing a bit less opulent because of recent tax reforms. As long-standing masters of tax evasion, many French businessmen still manage to support their families largely at company expense. But there is now an extra tax on company-owned cars, and it is becoming increasingly difficult for a top executive to prove that, merely for business entertaining, he really needs a company-paid mansion staffed with cook, butler, chauffeur and gardener. He might get away with writing off a hunt as a business expense, and at least a few executives still enjoy a time-honored French fringe benefit: charging off to company advertising expenses the rent and bills of their mistresses.

Tax-Free Diversions. In Japan, the system for subsidizing executive fun and games works somewhat differently. At the end of each month, women who run geisha houses and popular bars troop to the accounting departments of big firms. Each visitor carries sheafs of bills and whispers the name of the executive-san concerned. They are paid, no questions asked. The Japanese executive has the world's most generous expense account for nocturnal diversions. A government survey found that in 1967, Japanese businessmen spent \$1.4 billion on nontaxable "official entertainment." The 1,140 bars along Tokyo's Ginza depend on the free-spending businessman, who likes to do his entertaining away from wife and home. If it were not for the golden fringes, the main streets of Tokyo—and many other great cities—would be dull indeed after dark.



LOWENBRÄU WORKERS QUAFFING FREE BEER



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ENTREPRENEURS

Full Circle

Few businessmen have a keener sense of the economic winds than Meshulam Riklis. When the art of acquisition was new in the late 1950s and early 1960s, he was one of the canniest practitioners. In time, he parlayed nerve and some fancy forms of financing into control of a string of businesses in such diverse fields as retailing and men's wear, building products and theaters. Now that conglomerates are running into all sorts of head winds, Riklis' own interest seems to be veering from making

cost him his empire. The maneuver strengthens his hand against possible attacks by other acquisition artists. It will also allow Rapid-American, which Riklis estimates earned about \$10.9 million last year on revenues of \$925 million, to report 62% of Glen Alden's earnings. Last year Glen Alden made a \$22 million profit (up from \$18 million in 1967) on sales of \$788 million.

Riklis is not swearing off mergers entirely, but he is showing an unusual interest in such mundane goals as cutting costs and expanding markets. By internal growth alone, he figures that in five years he can more than double his profits, which he estimates will come to about \$47 million in 1969. Since he took over Schenley (1968 sales: \$550 million) last fall, he has shaved its operating costs by \$10 million. He did it partly by firing surplus executives and partly by setting up inventory procedures that, he says, are at last forcing wholesalers "to learn how to order."

Mature Mail. Riklis's own managers have already learned how to live with the boss's engaging eccentricities. Chairman Riklis, whose salary came to \$379,000 last year, has developed an avid taste for Postimpressionist art: Rapid's mid-Manhattan offices are filled with Fernand Légers, Francis Bacon's, Roy Lichtensteins.

In the office, Riklis likes to let all but the most urgent mail mature in his in-box for as much as three months. After aging, he finds, "80% of it doesn't need to be answered." When it does, the reply is sometimes delivered verbally over the phone by a secretary. In the past, it has not paid to call back. Riklis confesses that he was in his office only 37 days last year, even though he "works all the time." Now that he is settling down to more management and fewer mergers, he may be a bit more available.

AIRCRAFT

Belated Entry

The Administration is about to take another, and possibly decisive, step in the long, long journey toward a U.S. supersonic transport program. A governmental study group has split evenly between partisans of the plane and opponents. This gives the decisive vote to the chairman, Secretary of Transportation John Volpe, who is due by April 1 to forward a recommendation to the President for final decision. Says Volpe: "I don't see how the U.S. can afford not to go ahead with this ship. I don't want to see our country play second fiddle."

With a Soviet SST and the Anglo-French Concorde already being successfully test-flown, what has delayed the American SST? Two years ago, the U.S. made the decision to build an SST. Later, Boeing, the contract winner, encountered major design problems: its radical swing-wing concept was an economic disaster. The engineers went back to their drawing boards and last fall came up with another SST. This time a

fixed delta-wing titanium plane capable of cruising at a speed of 1,800 m.p.h. while carrying more than 250 passengers 4,000 miles.

The delay gave opponents of the SST time to rally their forces. They question whether the Government can afford to underwrite 85% of a \$2 billion plane at a time when urban needs are so pressing. Lately, some top airline executives, worried about how they are going to pay the bill for—and then fill with passengers—the \$5 billion of subsonic jets already on order, have quietly suggested delaying the project. Other objectors argue that the SST will be the noisiest and most nonproductive luxury transport ever built. In reply, General William Maxwell, the FAA's Director of SST Development emphasizes that the SST will never fly at supersonic speeds over populated areas. It will, in fact, be used only on intercontinental routes around the world, especially on transpacific runs, where it is expected to cut the flying time between Los Angeles and Tokyo from the present 13 hours to five.

What is also at stake is the U.S.'s long domination of the global market for commercial aircraft. Seven out of ten of the transports now in operation, piston or jet, are U.S. built, and have earned billions of dollars in foreign exchange. But such dominance will continue only so long as U.S.-built ships are faster and more efficient than anyone else's. U.S. aviation was in this critical condition once before, when Britain's ill-fated Comet series beat U.S. jets to the skies by nine years. After the Comet tragically failed, the U.S. easily caught up with the British planemakers.

The U.S. cannot count on similar disasters overtaking both the Concorde and the Soviet SSTs.* Thus for reasons of prestige, employment, technology and high finance (an estimated \$12 billion market over the next eight years), the U.S. still seems likely to build an SST. The Concorde, for which airlines have taken 74 "options," will probably reap the first harvest, because it is scheduled to be in service by 1971. Unless Nixon has an unanticipated change of heart, a fair bet is that the U.S. SST will be airborne by 1976.

PRICES

The Cost of Neglect

Anxious to escape abrasive confrontations of the kind that embroiled his two immediate predecessors, Richard Nixon had hoped to avoid direct federal intervention against price increases by private industry. Yet last week the President took strong steps to arrest soaring lumber prices—and there was little

* Most Western airlines are unlikely to buy the Soviet SSTs for reasons involving maintenance, operating economics and an unwillingness to rely on Russia for spare parts. Japan Air Lines, however, has signed an agreement with Russia's Aeroflot to share a trans-Siberian Tokyo-Moscow route, on which it will use the Soviet SSTs.



RIKLIS WITH LICHTENSTEIN PAINTING
Veering from the head winds.

mergers to simply managing his \$2 billion annual sales complex.

Last week Riklis, 45, completed a major step in that direction. In a somewhat serpentine financial maneuver, Riklis last December had Rapid-American Corp., the keystone of his corporate complex, make a friendly tender offer designed to strengthen his holding in Glen Alden Corp. Glen Alden is a onetime coal company that Riklis has been using for acquisitions in such areas as Playtex underwear, B.V.D. shorts and, most recently, Schenley Industries. The company had been under the rather tenuous control (14%) of McCrory Corp., a retailing outfit that is 51%-owned by Rapid-American. Thus, by exchanging Rapid securities worth more than \$200 million for 62% of Glen Alden's stock, Riklis consolidated his position. "We have come full circle," he said.

Learning How. By "full circle" Riklis means that he has fully recovered from the 1963 disaster—heavy losses and plunging stock prices—that almost



Northwest-hostesses, front row: Ilma Lee, Hong Kong; Gretchen Krueger, Edina, Minnesota; middle: Monica Chung, Seoul, Korea; Emiko Kashiyama, Tokyo, Japan; Kay Chang, Seoul, Korea; back: Irene Gardner, St. Paul, Minnesota; Sharon Hurd, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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grumbling. His tactics much resembled those of the Johnson Administration, which in 1965 fought off aluminum and copper price rises by threatening to release supplies of the metals from Government stockpiles. Nixon ordered the Interior and Agriculture departments to step up the sale of lumber from publicly owned forests, which contain more than half of the nation's sawtimber supply. To reduce demand, he directed the Defense Department to limit its purchases to "essential requirements."

Wood prices have been highly volatile during the past year. The cost of plywood has risen by 77%. Douglas fir lumber, used mostly in housing, has doubled in price in many localities. Housing's surprising winter strength has only heightened the price pressure. Last week

istration clearly regards that as only a stopgap. Testifying at a Senate hearing, Romney last week warned that spiraling lumber prices jeopardize the goal of raising residential construction to 2,600,000 units a year under the Housing Act of 1968. The former auto executive and Michigan Governor criticized Democrat Robert Weaver, his predecessor at HUD, for failing to develop programs to meet that objective. Complained Romney: "I have inherited a department that is essentially in the same condition as American Motors when I took over. It was losing money. Our department is losing ground."

Lock of Access. The U.S. faces no shortage of timber. National forests alone occupy an area twice the size of California. Because of federal limitations



JAPAN-BOUND SHIP LOADING FIR LOGS AT SOUTH ABERDEEN, WASH.
Overhaul 30 years overdue.

the Commerce Department reported that new housing starts reached an annual rate of 1,700,000 in February, well above last year's total of 1,500,000.

Limiting Exports. Builders blame the price problem not only on heavy domestic demand, but on rising exports to Japan, whose timber purchases in the U.S. have increased twentyfold since 1960. Last year the Japanese bought enough lumber to erect 40% of the U.S. output of one-family homes. In response to complaints that numerous small lumber mills as well as price stability have been imperiled, Congress last fall sharply limited exports of lumber harvested from federal forests. But prices have continued to rise, partly because of severe winter weather in the Pacific Northwest and the recent East Coast longshoremen's strike, which cut down the supply of timber from Canada.

At the urging of George Romney, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, Nixon three weeks ago appointed a task force to recommend remedies. Last week's action is aimed at increasing timber output from federal lands by about 10%, but the Admin-

on logging operations and poor forest management techniques, the Government's holdings yield only a quarter as much timber per acre as private timberland. The Agriculture Department has long complained that Congress allows it too little money to manage better, even though the sale of timber to private lumber producers nets the Treasury substantial revenue. A lack of access roads causes as much sawtimber to be lost to storms and insect infestation as is harvested from national forests. Meanwhile, heavy opposition from conservationists makes any expansion of logging politically difficult.

For the time being, Congress will probably content itself with imposing further limitations on lumber exports to Japan. Such restrictions should help to relieve the shortage and ease prices. On the other hand, they would undercut Washington's goals of fostering free world trade and improving the U.S.'s balance of trade. In any case, Congress can scarcely overlook the need to revamp the nation's timber management policies. That is something that Washington has not done for 30 years.

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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Lack of Identity

The works of Franz Kafka have been translated into every major language—except that of cinema. Orson Welles' film version of *The Trial* failed to crack the surface of bureaucratic terror and reveal the author's psychological insights. German Director Rudolf Noelte's adaptation of *The Castle*, Kafka's last, incomplete parable, fares little better.

On the surface, all is well. Like the book, the movie begins as an anonymous stranger (Maximilian Schell) arrives at a village. He announces that he is the new land surveyor for the "Castle" perched on a nearby hill. Inexplicably, the suspicious villagers already know and fear him. The remainder of the story simply concerns his futile negotiations to gain an identity from the impenetrable villagers and a calling from the inaccessible castle.

Kafka's heroes are like the sculptures of Giacometti: all elements of mask and attitude are burned away until only an irreducible essence remains. As the surveyor, Schell accurately embodies the man known only as "K." His agony and bewilderment are true, to the final exhausted syllable. The villagers are a finely balanced mixture of arrogance and dread, Kafka's tales all take place in limbo; the movie fills its snowbound setting with an unworldly black-comic air appropriate to the author, whom Thomas Mann called "a religious humorist." Pompous officials deliver pronouncements even when there is no one left to listen. A girl tumbles into the surveyor's bed—and exhibits neither love nor lust. The sullen winter light reveals the endless decay of life.

Yet, for all its external excellence, *The Castle* is as shallow and enervated

as its predecessor, *The Trial*. Possibly the fault lies with the master himself; his aphoristic sweep seems cinematically untranslatable. As a novel, *The Castle* has inspired sheaves of interpretations. In one theory, the Castle is seen as religion inhabited by the unseeable God. The land surveyor, then, is on a pilgrim's progression to salvation. More fashionable exegeses view the Castle as untenanted. Heaven is barren and the village is the earth below. In the most perverse—and most Kafkaesque—analysis, the fable is turned. The villagers have only his word that the land-surveyor is what he is: he produces no credentials. Thus discredited, he is under the Ptolemaic delusion that he is the center of the cosmos. It is not the Castle that is empty but man himself, beyond grace, beyond help, beyond hope.

The film version allows no such richness of interpretation. As if Kafka had written some Now film to capitalize on student unrest, the movie promotes itself as the story of "one man against the Establishment." That is absurd—but not the absurdity that Kafka was writing about.

I-Piece

In a casual fancy, S. J. Perelman once concocted an actor of surpassing ego. "I see a fresh new concept of drama knocking at the door," he said. "A theatre without plays . . . devoid of scenery and untrammelled by actors."

"And what would be left?"
"Just me. Face facts—the day I donned greasepaint, a whole profession became obsolete."

Perelman named his actor Basil Woolwine. He could just as well have called him Anthony Newley. In the latest case of lifelessness imitating artlessness, Newley continues his long love affair with Newley. *Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?* "is a real ego trip," says the Director-Writer-Star. But it is less a trip than a misfired space shot blasting \$1,250,000 to ashes.

As in his theatrical I-pieces, *Stop the World and the Roar of the Greasepaint*, Newley again presents himself as an overpaid everyman, this time named Heironymus Merkin,* who views his life as one long stag film.

As a youth, Merkin is tempted by the Devil (Milton Berle). From then on, girls fall in line beside his bed. From time to time Merkin is visited by Death (George Jessel) who gazes at Merkin with basilisk eyes and bleats standup jokes that are as dead as vaudeville. Eventually, even he sighs, "I think I should warn you I'm getting new material."

A wise move. The script by Herman Raucher and Newley never graduates to the sophomoric. Female characters are given Ian Fleming labels with a



NEWLEY AS HEIRONYMUS MERKIN
Lifelessness imitating artlessness.

touch of Li'l Abner: Polyester Poontang, Miss Maidenhead Fern, Trampolena Whambang and Miss Hope Climax. Jokes consist of lethal single entendres like "Heironymus lays them in the aisles," or Berle's remark as he rows a boat on a sandy beach: "I haven't passed water in three days." Between them, Newley rants some chants that are mislabeled songs, appears more naked than his victims, and plots along in the hope that some day it will all make sense and money.

Hello World. "I still don't think that Anthony Newley is a household name," Newley complains offscreen. "It's a bit of a hummer, as they say."

The Heironymus hummer began shooting on the isle of Malta. But "The editor of the *Times of Malta* started a campaign about the decadent film unit," he says. "Suddenly there were cops everywhere. They were pressuring me not to shoot the scene where I make love to Mercy in the grass. Eventually we did shoot it . . . we had to go in the grass very deep." If he had trouble with the fuzz, it was even worse with some of the cast. "Berle is one of the great monsters of our time," he says. "You believe he's the Devil because he's such an s.o.b. anyway."

As far as the film's sexual interludes go—and they manage simultaneously to go too far and not far enough—those, too, are beneath contempt to Newley. "I suppose I'm really antifeminist," he admits. "If a man really loved women, he'd treat them with more respect." But then, how can you offer respect when you don't have much, even for yourself? "Perhaps once you stop being hungry, you don't produce such good stuff," says Newley the film critic. "I'm beginning to lose it. My work—all of it—is a hobby now."



SCHELL IN "THE CASTLE"
Balance of arrogance and dread.

* A term defined by most dictionaries as a public hairpiece

Mission Ridiculous

Where *Eagles Dare* is one of those war movies that looks as if it were cribbed from the funny papers, *Steve Canyon* is more realistic, but *Eagles* and the *Pirates* more exotic, but *Eagles* beats them both in the departments of action-packed implausibility and two-fisted idiocy.

Richard Burton and Clint Eastwood appear as the kind of super soldiers who could have won World War II during a weekend pass. Major Burton is head of a British mission behind enemy lines; Lieut. Eastwood is his Yank second-in-command. Their assignment is to rescue an American general who has got himself imprisoned in a German army fortress high in the Alps. There are two inevitable complications: 1) a dirty turncoat is methodically bumping off the members of the mission, and 2) one of those guys in uniform turns out to be a girl (Mary Ure). She is a sort of Green Berette, a combination of Mata Hari, Annie Oakley and the Dragon Lady.

As time—155 long minutes of it—goes by, our boys storm, fight and bluff their way past the usual cretinous Nazis, snatch the general and head back down the mountain. Along the way, they slaughter a couple of hundred Germans, blast the *Schloss*, battle the bad guys to the death on top of a cable car, knock out a bridge and cripple an airport. Not bad for a night's work.

It is a little melancholy to see Richard Burton reduced to playing cardboard parts like this one, but he at least manages to look as if he's having a good time. Director Brian G. Hutton apparently realizes that pace, not sense, is the essence of such absurd adventures. Whenever the plot mechanics are about to break down, he blithely blows something up.



BURTON IN "EAGLES"

Matter of melancholy and cardboard.

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BOOKS

Pangs and Needles

REFLECTIONS UPON A SINKING SHIP
by Gore Vidal 255 pages. Little, Brown.
\$5.95.

Put a toga and a wreath on Gore Vidal and he could pass as a Roman at Nero's court. You know, the cheerfully disillusioned fellow in the corner who always said the empire would come to a bad end and—now that the fire has started—is absolutely the life of the party.

Nobody can beat the exhilaration of a pessimist who thinks the end-time has come. Writing slightly bad-tasting novels (*Myra Breckinridge*) and bland-tasting plays (*Visit to a Small Planet*)



GORE VIDAL

As concentrated as sour fruit drops.

is just the start for Vidal. He keeps busy as an opinion maker, staging shoot-outs with William Buckley on TV and churning out some of the liveliest doomsday journalism ever, mostly in today's essay form, the book review.

One imagines Vidal pressing these occasional pieces into hard covers, pronouncing them a book, then hurrying back to the new novel. The irony is that, like Norman Mailer and James Baldwin among others, Vidal is more "creative" at nonfiction than fiction. The tart, slight, often exquisite perceptions in this book—concentrated as sour fruit drops—are really his forte.

Decline of the Best. As he watches the sun slowly set on Western civilization, Vidal, scribbling his epitaphs in the shape of aphorisms, could hardly glow more brightly. Nothing is beyond his sardonic appreciation: the Kennedys, Tarzan, the 29th Republican Convention, Susan Sontag, pornography.

A sort of well-informed aloofness is the secret of the Vidal all-purpose style.

He writes about live people rather as if they were dead and dead people rather as if they were alive. He approaches American politics like an alert observer from a foreign—and slightly hostile—country ("American Empire" is one of his favorite phrases). On the subject of sex, he scarcely seems to belong to the human race at all, doing a marvelous impersonation of an anthropologist from Mars on a friendly but clinical visit.

Vidal is his own best act, and he does show off. He cannot defend homosexuality without name-dropping Apuleius, making sly references to the Spartans, and advising the reader to check his concept of masculinity against circuitous quotations from the Apocrypha (*II Maccabees 4: 7-15*). Even in the midst of considering children's literature, the portentous generalization can tempt him. "In the last fifty years we have contributed relatively little in the way of new ideas of any sort. From radar to rocketry, we have had to rely on other societies" etc., etc. Sarcasm betrays him into rhetorical flourishes: Lyndon Johnson is "the Great Khan at Washington"; objection to John O'Hara's handling of sex is archly laid to the "Good Gray Geese of the press."

Maverick Lemming. But Vidal allows neither exhibitionism nor malice to keep him from his duties as journalist. Vidal did a flagrant hatchet job on the Kennedys; but he is also highly informative not only about the Kennedy family but about politicians in general and how they behave in the pursuit of power. He is wickedly funny about Henry Miller, who has rarely received a sharper or a fairer reading.

Vidal thinks of himself as a liberal—or, as he prefers to put it, a "maverick lemming." In fact, he is more nearly a conservative, with a taste for tradition in literature and privilege in life. He conveys the oddly patrician appeal of an elegant and unabashed snob and he has the patrician's special toughness.

If the ship does sink, don't worry about old Gore. He'll be the dandy in the stern of the lifeboat, carefully keeping his Italian shoes above the bilge water, still addressing his beautifully shaped, never-flagging thoughts to no one in particular while the rest of the survivors bail. No matter. He is useful, even if he keeps half the passengers alive by sheer irritation. No sinking ship would be complete without him.

Powell's Piano Concertos

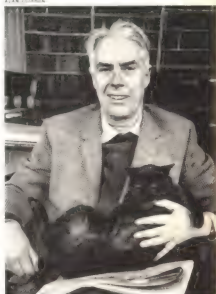
THE MILITARY PHILOSOPHERS by Anthony Powell. 244 pages. Little, Brown. \$4.95.

Anthony Powell's *A Dance to the Music of Time*, a serial novel issued in fairly regular installments for more than 18 years, can now be seen for what it is: a great prose composition in which the whole is greater than the sum of the parts. Powell invites his dedicated

(though still small) readership to think of his work in musical terms. The descriptive form that suggests itself for his nine novels is a series of piano concertos with variations on a single complex theme. Powell's narrator, Nick Jenkins, is, of course, at the piano.

The period covered in *Military Philosophers*, the ninth of the series, is roughly from 1942 to V-E day, an era that would seem to call for the verbal equivalent of massed bands, with effects by real cannon in the manner of Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*. Though Powell's narration continues pianissimo, the result is far from flat. His prose is a percussion instrument, delicate but forceful because precise.

Byzantine Labyrinth. In *The Valley of Bones* (the seventh novel), Nick Jenkins was an officer in a Welsh regiment



ANTHONY POWELL

Muted but far from flat.

training for the invasion. Now he has been transferred to the offices of the British general staff in Whitehall. In that bureaucratic maze, Powell's khaki characters may seem less military than dilatory. But anyone who has inhabited the Byzantine labyrinths of noncombat wartime staff headquarters will recognize the wry truth of Powell's picture of intrigue, futility and boredom.

Powell's human comedy exploits to the full the incongruities of manner and matter inherent in his jumble of diverse characters, classes and accents. It seems surprising that even the British Empire could have converted such a collection of civilian highbrows, esthetes and scholars to effective military ends. Outside Whitehall, bombs are succeeded by rockets. The London toll of death and damage mounts. Throughout there is a sharp impression that what Powell refers to as "our incurable national levity" is a strong clue to the British survival. It is a specific against too much hope, and thus against bitterness at hope



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defeated. "Not all the fruits of Victory are appetising to the palate," an esthete says after V-E day, as Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia are transformed from Nazi-occupied countries into Communist satellites. "An issue of gall and wormwood has been laid on."

Jenkins' position as liaison officer with various Allied military missions gives Powell a chance to extend his insular comic powers to foreign fields. It also allows a sidelong glance at some of the larger tragic ironies of World War II. With remarkable feeling, Powell conveys the consternation of those concerned with Anglo-Soviet relations when chilling evidence comes in that the Russians have massacred 10,000 Polish officers-prisoners in the Katyn Forest.

One of the pleasures of any *romance* lies in keeping track of the pasts and permutations of vast numbers of characters. One way and another, the war introduces and eradicates many of Powell's figurants. The ditching of the Yugoslav Chetnik Leader Mihailovich in favor of Tito costs the life of Peter Templer, one of Jenkins' oldest friends (and a veteran of novel No. 1, *A Question of Uprising*), who fought with the wrong partisans. The Malayan debacle takes another of Powell's veteran characters, Charles Stringham, P.O.W. and presumed dead. The officer indirectly responsible for the orders that killed both men turns out to be the egregious Kenneth Widmerpool, whose fatuous careerism and brass-bound egotism have provided veins of comedy running through all nine books. Widmerpool, an ambition addict who flourishes amidst the adversities of the rest of the world, turns up as a colonel, squeezing the capulettes of power until the pips squeak. These exits and re-entrances emphasize that it is high time for Powell's publishers to provide a score to *The Music of Time*—not a musical score but a box score, giving the family trees and vital statistics of the more than 100 characters involved.

Family Jokes. The question arises: Why has Powell's splendid fictional achievement not won wider popularity in the U.S.? Some British critics feel that the difficulty lies in unfamiliarity with the moods and mores of the British upper classes. Others suggest that some acquaintance with the flesh-and-blood originals of Powell's fictional characters is necessary to savor his prose. But would it really help to know that Moreland, the intelligent musician who provides such a sparkling commentary on this world, was perhaps drawn from Composer Constant Lambert, or that the vastly comic Widmerpool was lovingly conjured from the fatuous figure of a minor Tory Cabinet Minister? It seems most unlikely.

Powell's world is special, as special as Proust's. In Evelyn Waugh's much-quoted observation, Powell has even been rated Proust's equal—with the qualification that he is much funnier. All the best jokes are family jokes, and the British Es-

tablishment is one of the closest of all cultural families. One no more needs to be a member of it to relish Anthony Powell than one needs to be a French homosexual with aristocratic friends to enjoy Proust. Like the peculiar British fondness for cold toast, though, a taste for Powell's prose is best acquired through prolonged exposure.

Restoration Comedy

THE MARX BROTHERS AT THE MOVIES
by Paul D. Zimmerman and Burt Goldblatt. 224 pages. Putnam. \$7.95.

What has eight legs and laughs? ran the question in the '30s. Answer: the Marx Brothers. Later they lost a pair of legs, when Zeppo dropped out of the act. Groucho, Chico and Harpo



CHICO (CENTER) WITH HARPO & GROUCHO
inscribed on the head of a pun.

went on to make eight more films together, becoming precursors of the new American humor. Groucho's flip irrelevancies foreshadowed the theater of the absurd: "I'd horsewhip you if I had a horse." Harpo was a troll bridge between the silents and the talkies. "How can you write for Harpo?" shrugged George S. Kaufman. "All you can say is, 'Harpo enters.' From that point on, he's on his own." Though Chico's accent was an Italian defamation league all to itself, his shrewd con-mannerisms and manic assaults on the piano were often brilliant pieces of destructive art.

The Brothers Marx found themselves the darlings of the In-telligentsia. Harpo became a visitor to the Algonquin Round Table; Groucho corresponded with T. S. Eliot in a number of letters that showed that he thought of himself as a cerebral clown. But the old vaudeville team had begun its film career comparatively late in life—in 1929, at the

time of their first film, *The Cocoanuts*, Chico was 40—and by the late '40s their creative energy had faded. To a whole generation of television viewers, the Marxes are at once as familiar and as obscure as the Smith Brothers.

The Marx Brothers at the Movies, (text by Zimmerman, graphics by Goldblatt) restores the team to its proper prominence. Customarily, the most static objects in the world are books about movies; pictures float by on oceans of turgid or lawning prose, while the subject drowns. In *The Marx Brothers at the Movies* the text is as good as the pictures. The still ones, that is; nothing can quite match the films. Zimmerman shows just how much Groucho could inscribe on the head of a pun: "This is indeed a gala day. That's plenty. I don't think I could handle more than a gal a day." He retells the best of the anecdotes from the days when the boys were as funny off-screen as on. Best of all, the book resists the temptation to analyze, observing E. B. White's dictum: "Humor can be dissected, as a frog can, but the thing dies in the process."

Harpo and Chico are dead, and Zeppo has been retired for 36 years. Groucho is confined to occasional cameos in such humorless atrocities as *Ski-doo*. In lieu of a reel of their films, this book is the best possible way to meet the Marx Brothers when they had all their energy, all their laughs and all their feet.

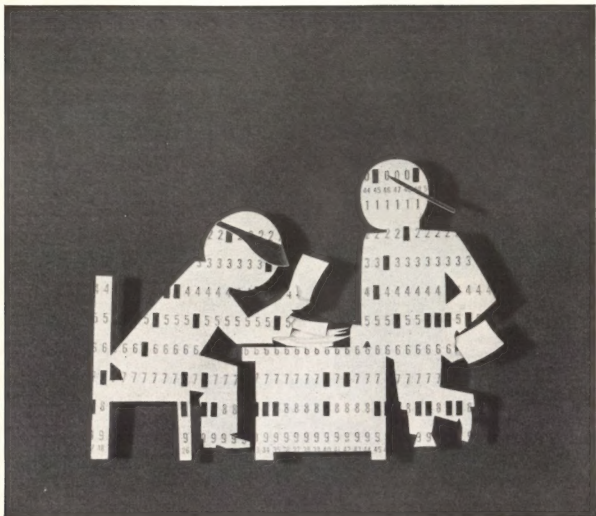
Spoiled Priest's Tale

THREE CHEERS FOR THE PARACLETE
by Thomas Keneally. 240 pages. Viking. \$4.95.

There are those who see the *aggravamento* of Pope John XXIII as an erosion of the ancient rock of St. Peter, and those who see it as nothing less than a revival of all Christendom. It was likely that sooner or later these conflicting views would be explored in fiction; it is only strange that the first credible and moving novelistic exposition of the crisis of faith among clergy and laity that followed Vatican II should come out of Australia.

Young Novelist Thomas Keneally showed his talents in *Bring Larks and Hernies* (TIME, Aug. 16), which bore on the special subject of colonial servitude. Despite its title, *Three Cheers for the Paraclete* is less special. Modern Sydney, where the story takes place, is not remote; indeed, its population, one-sixth Irish Catholic, lends the quality of life there something of the familiar, built-in tensions of Boston or Philadelphia.

Keneally is what the Irish call a spoiled priest—after years of novitiate, he did not take his final vows. Thus his fictional priests are drawn from knowledge, not research. His protagonist, James Maitland, with a fresh doctorate from Louvain, is a 29-year-old priest teaching history in a Catholic House of Studies. Set off as it is against the Mediterranean glitter of Sydney's splendid



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harbor and the sunburned hedonists who inhabit it, this comfortless, twilight gothic barracks with an "eczema of stained glass," emphasizes one of the book's controlling ironies. For Maitland fits neither world, though he can swim like a fish in the troubled waters of theology.

Going by the Book. He has written a book (pseudonymously and without episcopal imprimatur) called *The Meanings of God*, and it is his undoing. He explains the work as "a history of the God of the institutions, pulpits, political parties and wreath-laying generals. It is a history of the abuse of the notion of God and of its place in the motives of modern man."

As such, *The Meanings of God* causes deep offense to Des Boyle, a local L.C.L. (Leading Catholic Layman), who heads something called the Knights of St. Patrick and has all the tricks of chancery politics at his blunt fingertips. Boyle has talked the Archbishop of Sydney into asking Maitland to write a refutation. It would be a refutation of his own book, but the time has passed when Maitland can possibly admit to his own duplicity. It can be seen from this exquisitely complex confrontation that Keneally is far from making a loaded brief for the modernist clergy against the hard-core traditionalists. There are grievous sins on both sides.

To Maitland, God is not so much a presence as an "absence in the heart," and faith is a yearning to fill the void. His natural enemies in the faith are the Irish dogmatists for whom God is not an unknowable otherness but a "kinsman"—in his most ignoble form honorary president of an Irish friendly society. The ecclesiastical embodiment of the dogmatist faith is Dr. Costello, a clerical bully who heads the House of Studies and, perhaps prophetically, grows to bishop-size before the reader's eyes.

Costello is not a mean man by his own fixed lights. Even when presiding over an ecclesiastical kangaroo court that is investigating a nun suspected of heresy, he is not lacking in charity but in imagination. It can be seen that the nun on trial has grace; Maitland seeks it and Dr. Costello believes that he is already blessed with it.

Father Maitland's dilemma is intricately worked out like a fine, stout piece of convent lace. In the process, the author shows himself as a dealer in the comedy of the spirit far different from Graham Greene's celebrated psychodramas of doubt, doom and damnation. His scenes are as funny as J. F. Powers', but without their cozy in-joke comicality. Keneally's humor is white, not black—a blessed relief. His book is infused with a pawky clerical awareness that human life, though sometimes capable of holiness, is more often merely funny. Thus perceptively armed, he has succeeded in translating the historic fissure in the present church into human terms. Whatever may be said of Thomas Keneally's vocation for the priesthood, he has a true vocation for fiction.



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